THE BYSTANDER
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AUGUST 18, 1926
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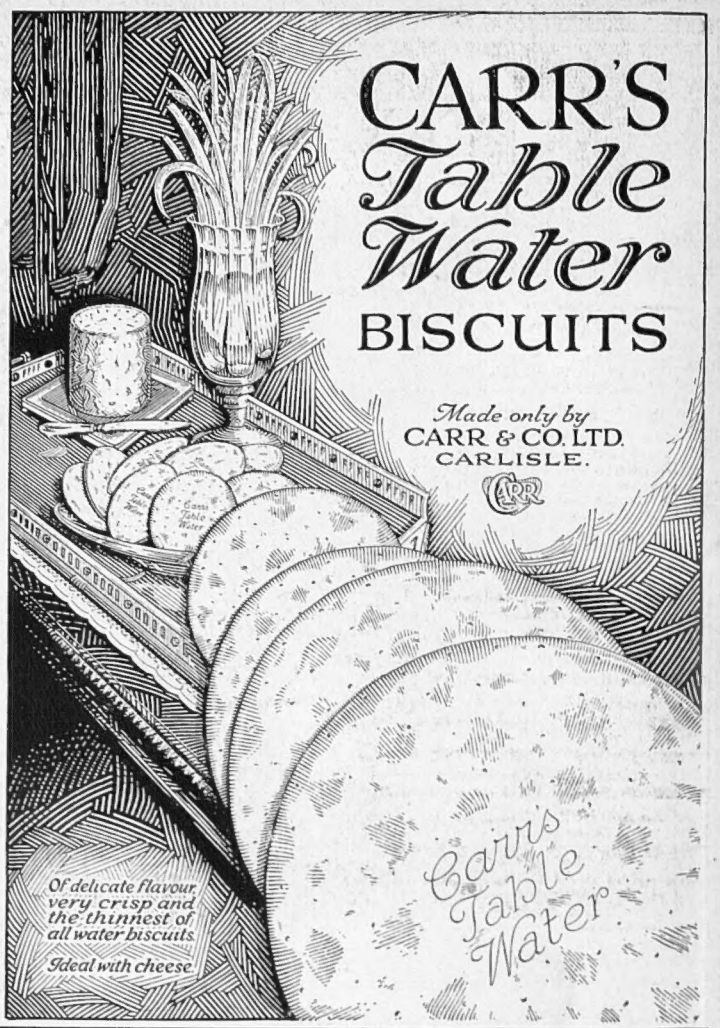

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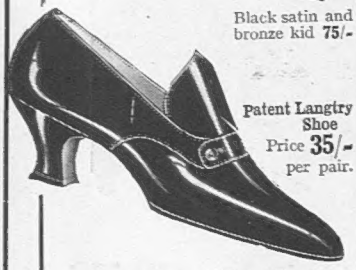

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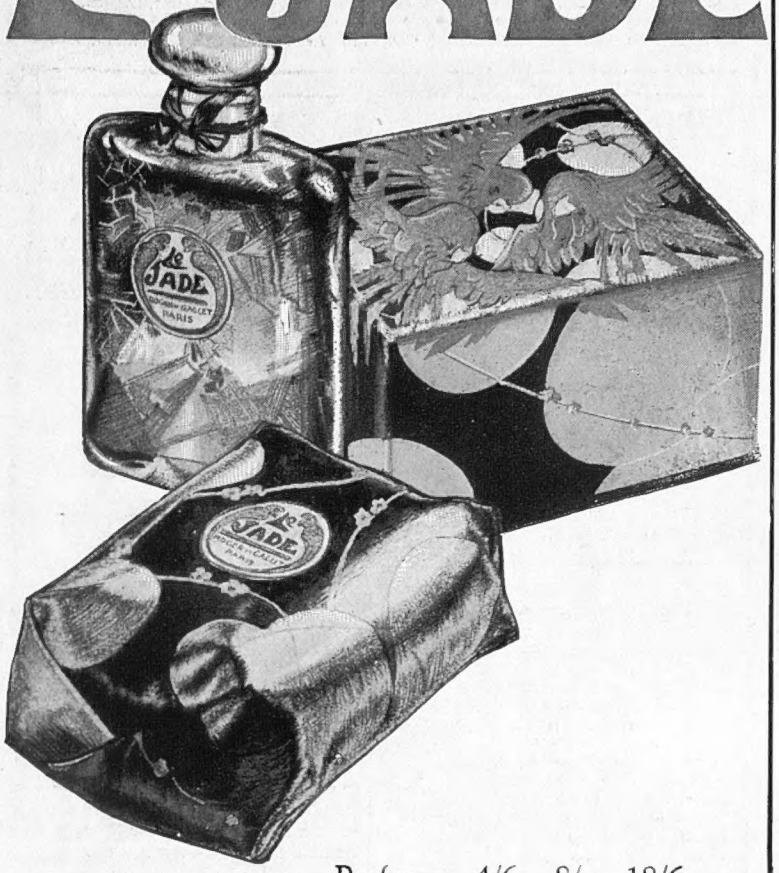

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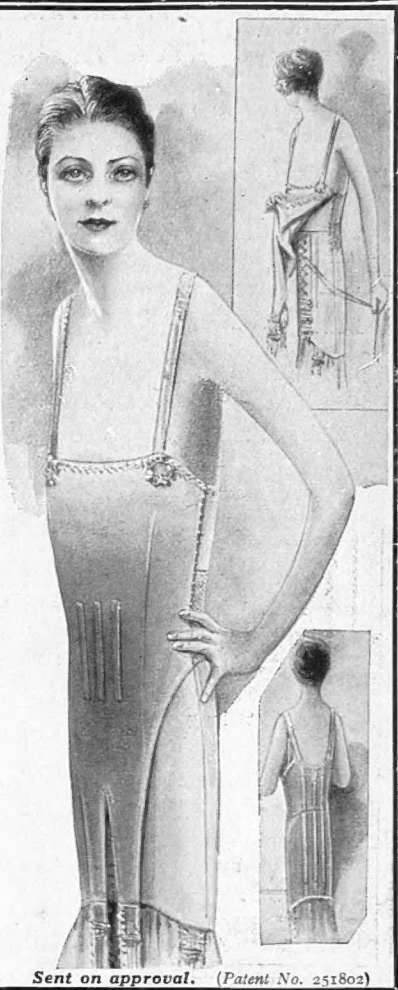

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CALF WALKING SHOE in the new sauterne shade with strappings of self-coloured lizard skin, welted sole, cuban heel. Price **59/6** per pair.

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MISS URSULA JEANS, the talented young actress, who is now appearing as "The Girl of the Town" in John Galsworthy's play, "Escape," at the Ambassador's Theatre, writes :—

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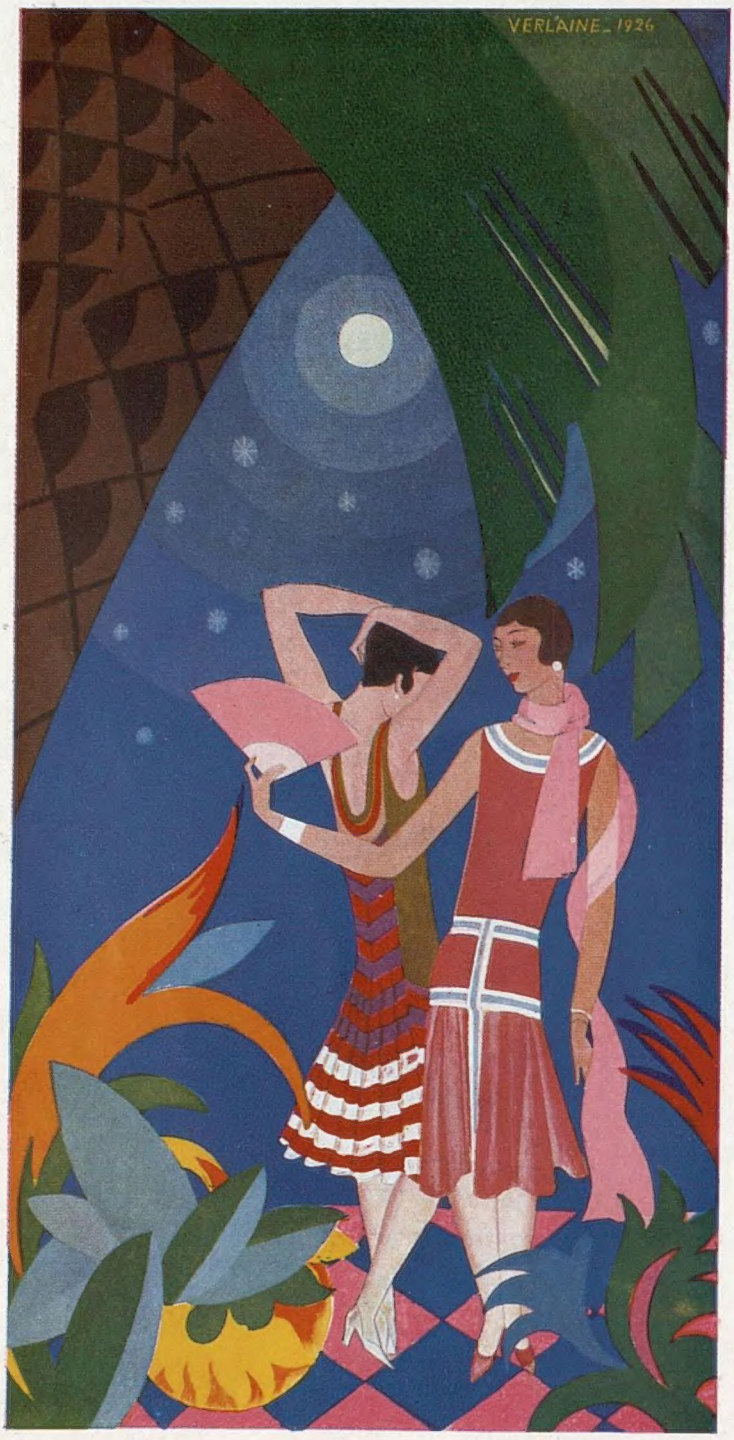
The Bystander, August 18, 1926 No. 1183. Vol. XCI.

The BYSTANDER

BY PIERROT

BLUE RIBBONS



The When & Wherefore

IN THESE DAYS WHEN SOCIAL life is one crowded hour after another, Atkinsons Eau-de-Cologne is a splendid ally. It keeps you in excellent humour with yourself and helps you to enjoy every minute of the day—and night.

After any form of exercise, a few drops in your bath, on your hair, on your handkerchief are wonderfully cool, fragrant and refreshing. . . . . And Atkinsons is simply indispensable in liner and train de luxe. It is fortunate, too, that you can get the same perfume in your other toilet preparations—Atkinsons Night Cream, Vanishing Cream and Toilet Soap.

☆ ☆ ☆

MEN, of course, consider Atkinsons Eau-de-Cologne the one perfume they may permit themselves. Either by itself or in Atkinsons Brilliantine, Shaving Soap, or Talcum Powder it is as refreshing as it is appropriate.

A rub down with a very little Atkinsons after a hard day is one of the most exhilarating things in the world, and a touch of Atkinsons Vanishing Cream after shaving one of the most soothing. But to appreciate all its virtues you must use Atkinsons Eau-de-Cologne.

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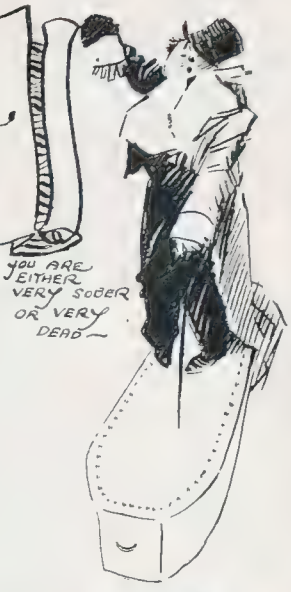
ATKINSONS

"GOLD MEDAL"

Eau-de-Cologne

S.H.B.

BYSTANDER COMMENTS



Notable and Quotable

Most of our most brilliant conversationalists in the West End of London are quoting the clever things said by Will Rogers at the London Pavilion. There is something about this notable American that makes him eminently quotable. He is always topical, always humorous, and he very seldom fails to hit the ball with the middle of the bat.

Just an American

I have heard some people say that some of his remarks are in bad taste. If so, he must have put on a new line of talk the night I went, for there was no rough stuff of that sort. True, he had the limelight turned into our box and lured my companion into a discussion on cricket, but the incident seemed very harmless to me, and, judging by the applause, the audience found it positively entertaining. I admit he is an American, but it takes all sorts to make a world, and that is the only thing I've got against him. (N.B.—This is a joke!)

Still Standing

According to Will Rogers there is no drunkenness in the United States. You are either very sober or very dead. After laughing at this jest, I read that the chief chemist of the New York Internal Revenue says that during the past twelve months there have been 700 deaths in the city from drinking wood alcohol. And the Statue of Liberty still stands!

Better Late Than Never

The ancient jest concerning Scots who:

Somehow have the knack
Of coming down
To London Town
And never going back,

received rather a set-back when twelve hundred and fifty Scots returned to their native land—for a month. It is true that one member of the party had come home for the first time in forty-eight years, but better late than never. Let us bury the old joke and find a new one to take its place. Perhaps some Scottish reader will oblige.

Russian Boots

Lots of lovely young ladies are becoming agitated about the possible revival of the Russian boot craze. Some say one thing and some say another, but we shall know nothing for certain until the dark damp days of November send the lucky ones hurrying to the South. Myself, I shall be quite pleased to see our old friends with us once more, for one can have a surfeit of silk stockings just as one can have a surfeit of summer and of sunshine.

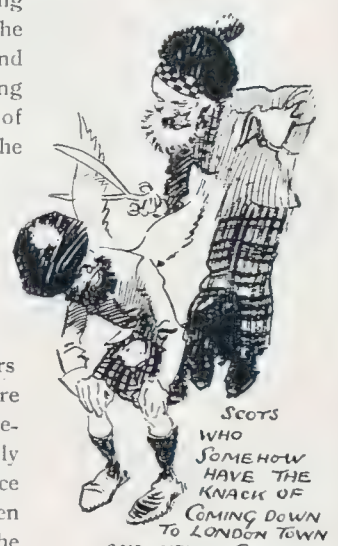
Reflected Glory

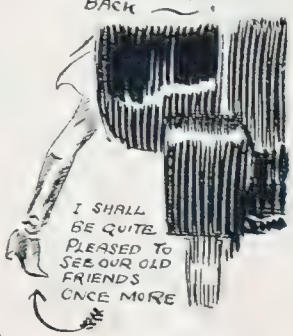
This week is interesting to theatre-goers who specialise in intimate revue. There is a revised version of *R.S.V.P.* at the Vaudeville and at the Gaiety Jack Hulbert and Cicely Courtneidge make a welcome re-appearance after their American adventure. It is an open secret that Cicely carried off the laurels on the other side. So much so, in fact, that when Robert Courtneidge paid a flying visit to New York recently, he found himself basking in much reflected glory as being the father of such a successful daughter.

Exit the Empire

The Empire is really to be pulled down, but not until Fred and Adele Astaire have finished with it. Thus justifying that Bystander bard who sang:—

Who saved the Empire
Here in London Town?
Simply wouldn't let it shut
Even when Sir Alfred Butt
Tried to pull it down.





By Blam

AFTER STANLEY'S SCALP!—THE "BUSMAN'S" HOLIDAY!

Little Adele Astaire
Came with Brother Fred
All the way
From U.S.A.,
Did it on her head!

Three's a Crowd

Evidently the Blackpool police who won't let more than one girl ride on the pillion seat of a motor bicycle subscribe to the well-worn theory that three is a crowd. But who is to decide which of the two ladies is to be thrown overboard? Here is an opportunity for some modern Solomon to get busy. My own suggestion—arrived at after reading the latest list of casualties—is that the pillion seat should be entirely abolished, and that our young men and maidens should do their courting in the more reposeful atmosphere of Lovers' Lane.

Not a Bromide

Some years ago a certain Gelett Burgess wrote a book called "Are You a Bromide?" Quite a lot of people couldn't answer the question because they didn't know what a Bromide was, anyway. A Bromide is a person who says the conventional thing without thinking; as *par exemple:* "This world is such a small place," or "If you leave your umbrella at home, it's sure to rain." It was a Bromide who said "He swears like a trooper," but it was Mr. Cairns, of the Thames Police Court, who, after hearing that a defendant said "Where is the — beer?" observed: "He ought to have been in the House of Commons!" Nothing bromidic about that!

A Mild Flirtation

Max Beerbohm has contributed a "characteristic essay" to a book of stage costume designs, "Robes of Thespis." Remembering that his last "characteristic essay" was to introduce the Grand Guignol play *The Tragedy of Mr. Punch,* one is inclined to wonder if the incomparable Max is engaged on a mild flirtation with things theatrical, and if he may not shortly break out as a dramatic author on his own account. A characteristic revue by Max would be an incomparable contribution to the West End stage. I hope he reads this and takes the hint.

Husbands and Wives

The refusal of yet another husband to pay for the portrait of his wife, on the grounds that it failed to convey her qualities of youth and gracefulness, raises a difficult problem for the unfortunate Royal Academician who specialises in this sort of thing. I don't refer to those two notorious moderns who use their sitters as models and do not trouble so much about a likeness. Such sitters know what to expect, and are grateful if they find themselves on the canvas at all.

A Difficult Problem

I am more concerned with the commercial portrait painter who is out to please his patron and thereby secure the recommendation that brings along other business. Formerly it was sufficient to paint the sitter as she appeared to the world, but if he must now portray her as she appears to her husband—well, that is a very different kettle of fish!

A Nice Little Song

There was a nice little song, you may remember, about a young couple upon whom some good fairy worked a spell which

Bewitched them, in this wise:
Henceforth, they grew no older
In one another's eyes.

Suppose some wretched portrait painter had the job of painting *that* particular lady. He might reproduce her features most exactly, but would the old man brass up when the job was finished? Of course he wouldn't!

The Spectre of the Recess

BY E. T. REED

BALDWIN: "'Do I notice anything spectral or unpleasant in any way?' No-o, I don't think so. Oh! unless you're referring to this black monster behind my chair—of course, *he's been there all the time!* Almost seems like one of the family!"

WHO, WHEN AND WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

The First Bird of the Season

LAST year the illness of the Duke of Devonshire prevented the visit to Bolton Abbey, with which the King has opened his grouse-shooting season for many years past. The Bolton Abbey moors have some of the best grouse-shooting in Yorkshire, and it has become an unwritten rule that the first bird of the season should fall to his Majesty's gun. The party invited to meet the King always includes some notable shots.

Although the Duchess of Devonshire is hostess, this yearly gathering at Bolton Abbey is essentially a men's party, and, as a rule, the only other lady there is one or other of the Duke's daughters.

L.N.A.

A SPANISH PRIZE-GIVING

The Queen of Spain presenting prizes to the winners of a polo match which took place recently at Madrid. The King of Spain took part in the contest

AT RUGBY *Topical*

Mr. and Mrs. J. Hopping and Miss Hopping photographed on the Spring Hill Polo grounds at Rugby. Mr. E. W. Hopping played a great game for Hillmorton, who beat Templeton by eight goals to seven in the final of the Rugby Open Challenge Cup

The Future of Deauville

SOME little time before he died, M. Cornuché, the creator and "only begetter" of Deauville, had come to the conclusion that the interest the place and its frequenters was arousing in the democratic mind was beginning to trench on its exclusiveness. M. Cornuché, from his youth upwards, had served the rich and fashionable, first as a waiter and then in higher capacities. His knowledge of that particular world showed him that expensiveness and the most luxurious surroundings were an infallible lure. Hence the creation of Deauville with its delightful villas, its fine Casino; its flower-decked streets, and its hotels of *de luxe luxe*. Mr. Cornuché deliberately made Deauville one of the most fashionable, most expensive, and exclusive resorts in Europe. He reaped a fortune.

But when M. Cornuché bade Deauville arise out of a sandy waste, at first to rival and then to conquer absolutely the neighbouring Trouville, chars-à-bancs did not exist. And in the last years of his life they began to trouble M. Cornuché seriously.

Every day from all the little seaside places on the Normandy coast, where the French *bourgeoisie* takes its summer outing, from all the neighbouring towns, even from Paris itself, chars-à-bancs began to pour into Deauville laden with hundreds of worthy people anxious to see the manner of people who wore gold and diamond anklets when they bathed, and who won and lost prodigious sums every night at the Casino.

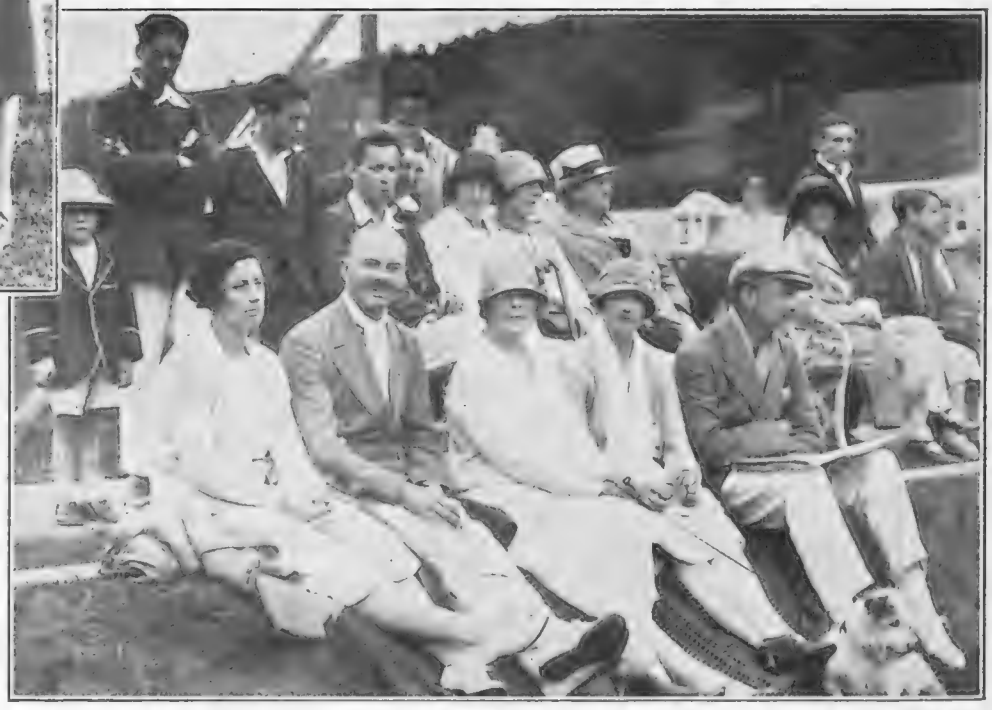
What Will Happen?

THESE crowds lined the *plage* where beauty, respectable and notorious, took its dip. They surrounded the *Potinière* dozens deep, staring and gaping at the same beauties eating shrimps and drinking *apéritifs* before luncheon. Some of the more exclusive of Deauville's patrons became restive under this daily repetition of being made a spectacle for democracy. But what troubled M. Cornuché most was that these hundreds of daily trippers left no money in Deauville. Its prices were far beyond their pockets. So he determined to create another Deauville so far away down the coast as to be out of reach of chars-à-bancs day-excursions. He decided on La Barboule, and had already planned an even more expensive and luxurious *ville de mer* when he died.

It will be interesting to see whether his plans will be carried out. Of late years there have appeared at Deauville a considerable number of undesirables of both sexes who formerly would never have ventured into that flower-bedded town.

The Falkland Family

THE custom seems to be growing nowadays for heirs to peerages to marry young. The engagement has just been announced of Viscount Falkland's eldest



Central News

LAWN TENNIS ACROSS THE BORDER

A group of competitors and onlookers at the South of Scotland Lawn Tennis Championships at Moffat. The front row includes Miss St. T. Murphy (left), Lord Thirlestane, Lady Hay, Lady Thirlestane and Sir Duncan Hay

LADY HELENA ROUS *Bertram Park*

A new portrait of the youngest of Lord and Lady Stradbroke's three daughters Her father has been Governor of Victoria since 1920

Bassano

A DIPLOMAT'S DAUGHTER

Miss Rosalind de Bunsen, a daughter of the Rt. Hon. Sir Maurice de Bunsen, of the Diplomatic Service. Sir Maurice was Special Ambassador to the States of South America in 1918

son and heir, the Master of Falkland, who came of age last January. He is to marry Miss Joan Bonham Southey, a niece of Lady Newborough. The early members of the Falkland family were very distinguished folk. The first Viscount was Comptroller of the Household to James I, who gave him the peerage, and Lord Deputy for Ireland, the equivalent for what used to be our Viceroy. His son, the second Viscount, was Secretary of State to Charles I, and was killed fighting for that monarch at the Battle of Newbury.

In the reign of William III, the fifth Viscount got into serious trouble. He was sent to the Tower by the House of Commons, of which he was a Member, being a Scottish peer, "for begging and receiving £2,000 from His Majesty contrary to the ordinary method of issuing and bestowing the King's money." The pendulum swung back with the tenth holder of the title, who was both Governor of Nova Scotia and Governor of Bombay. The previous Viscount had been killed in a duel early in the nineteenth century. The present Lord Falkland is the thirteenth Viscount. His mother was an American.

An Ineffective Curse

At the end of this week there will be great rejoicings at Powerscourt Castle, in Co. Wicklow, for the coming of age of the Hon. Mervyn Wingfield, Viscount Powerscourt's elder son and heir.

It used to be said there was a curse laid on the Powerscourt family because of their persecution of Roman Catholics in the old days, the curse being that no Lord Powerscourt should live to see his successor. Whatever may have happened before, the curse has had no effect since 1751, when the first Viscount Powerscourt died. There is a story of the curse having been "lifted" by bell, book, and candle soon after the birth of the present peer, but how far this is true or untrue your deponent knoweth not.

Powerscourt Castle is said to be one of the finest country houses in Ireland. It was built in the eighteenth century when our forbears went in for spaciousness of rooms and a vast number of them. Once upon a time it belonged to the De la Poers, descendants of one of Strongbow's knights, but it passed to the Wingfields—the Powerscourt family name—in the time of Elizabeth, and ultimately gave them their title. Big as it was, it was not considered sufficiently large to entertain George IV on his historic visit to Ireland, and some of the State rooms date from that time.

The mother of the present Lord

Photopress

"ME AND MY DOG"

Miss Joan Southey, the well-known breeder of Irish Wolfhounds. Her engagement is announced to the Master of Falkland

A GUNNER'S WEDDING *G.P.U.*

Mr. H. G. Wainwright, of the Royal Artillery, and his bride, Miss W. Maud, after their wedding at Church Crookham, Hampshire. The bride is the daughter of the late Mr. W. T. Maud, the famous artist war correspondent of the "Daily Graphic"

Powerscourt is the only one of the five daughters of the late Earl of Leicester who did not marry an Earl. The others married the Earl of Dartmouth, the Earl of Dunmore, the Earl of Leitrim, and the Earl of Lichfield. It is an unusual circumstance for so many daughters to have married men of their father's rank.

The Wiles of the Burglar

To the wiles of the burglar there is no end. This is a story I have just heard. Towards the end of the Opera season a young couple not long married, and not blessed with a superfluity of pennies, received one morning two stalls for the Opera that night. The envelope was addressed in a handwriting they didn't know, and inside, with the tickets, was a sheet of paper with the address of a well-known club on it. Across the sheet written in the same hand as the direction on the envelope, was, "Do please use these, we can't go."

Notepaper and handwriting were what is called "refined." The young couple, thinking some kind acquaintance had forgotten to sign his name, joyfully went off to the Opera, expecting to learn later on who the donor was. They likewise gave permission to their maids to go out for the evening. When they returned the house had been ransacked from top to bottom!

Enquiries proved that during the evening a laundry van drew up to the door and that laundry baskets had been taken into the house, packed with silver, clothing, ornaments, all the young couple's wedding presents, and taken back to the van. A caretaker in a house near by had noticed the laundry van standing for a long time at the door but paid no attention, as she said she thought "the cook was entertaining the laundryman."

Saved a Lot of Trouble

In a yet more recent case there is an element of humour, although the victims can hardly be expected to see the situation from that standpoint. A husband and wife going away for a holiday were shutting up their house, and being careful souls decided to leave their silver, her jewels, and other valuables at the bank. Accordingly, everything was packed in suit cases, and, following the bank's instructions, each suit case was taped round and large red seals put upon the tape.

The packing took place in the dining-room, one evening, and the suit cases were left there in order to be taken to the bank the following morning. That night burglars broke in. The taped and sealed suit cases in the dining-room were quite a sufficient indication of the contents. They carried off the whole lot, never troubling to go into another room in the house.

An Aeroplane Anniversary

It is amazing when you come to think of it that the first aeroplane flight with a passenger in England only took place seventeen years ago last Saturday. It was on August 14th, 1909, that Mr. F. S. Cody flew over Laffan's Plain, his passenger being Colonel Capper, the then head of the Military Balloon School, who, when the flight was over, proudly announced that he was "the first man in England to be a passenger in an aeroplane." Mr. Cody, with the consent of the War Office, had been experimenting for some years before this historical flight on Cove Common at Farnborough.

Bassano

AN AMERICAN BRIDE

Miss Helen Besley, who is the youngest daughter of the late Mr. C. H. Besley of Hinsdale, Illinois, photographed after her marriage to Lieutenant F. B. Tours, R.N. The wedding took place last week at St. Margaret's, Westminster

Topical

HOMEWARD BOUND

The Duke and Duchess of York on their arrival at Glamis. They received a warm welcome from a large crowd

Waddesdon Manor

Mr. James de Rothschild, who has had such a narrow escape from drowning at Cherbourg, is the son of Baron Edmond de Rothschild. He in-

herited Waddesdon Manor in Buckinghamshire, one of the palaces in what used to be called the "Rothschild Country," as so many members of the family lived round about there, from his great-aunt, Miss Alice de Rothschild. It was at Waddesdon that King Edward, whilst paying a visit there shortly after his accession, slipped on the staircase and broke his knee-cap.

A Sunday or two before they went to Cowes, the King and Queen motored down to Waddesdon and lunched with Mr. and Mrs. James de Rothschild. The gardens at Waddesdon were immensely improved by Miss Alice de Rothschild and they are perfectly kept up by their present owners.

Baron Edmond de Rothschild lives near Paris, and like most of his family has a *flair* for collecting art treasures.

On Corsica

CORSICA is unbroken ground for most English people during the summer. Princess Marie Louise, therefore, may set a fashion by paying a visit to the island in August. Ajaccio, in the south, the capital, which is a sun-trap in the winter, would be uncomfortably warm now. Calvi, which is in the north, may have improved since your Bystander saw it many years ago on a bleak March morning. Then it looked most unattractive.

In the summer time the central parts of Corsica have a most attractive beauty. Hills and mountains are covered with a green carpet of sweet-smelling herbs and plants—cistus, asphodel, myrtle, wild thyme, and I don't know how many others—which give out an indescribable scent. Napoleon, who was born at Ajaccio, used to say he could smell it a mile away at sea. This is called the *maquis*, and covers the mountains to their very tops. It is so thick and high in some places that pathways through it are only known to the initiated islander.

An astonishing amount of nonsense has been written and invented about Corsican "brigands." These men, who are few and far between nowadays, were the victims of the local custom of vendetta. If a man was killed it was the bounden duty of his nearest male relative to kill his murderer. The other side was equally bound to reply in kind. And so the chain went on. After a murder the culprit invariably fled to the mountains. This was called "taking to the *maquis*," whence he could defy the gendarmes with impunity. But I have never heard of one of these "brigands" robbing anybody or interfering with them. Food and drink were placed for them in secret places by their relations, and as often as not they were shot by the holder of the vendetta on the other side whilst paying secret visits to their wives and families.

However, the doings of these "brigands," have made a romantic basis for books which have been written by both English and French authors. Actually, it was a miserable and unwashed existence, and sometimes a starving one, too, when the gendarmes were hot on their tracks.

Civility Pays

WHATEVER the attitude of the French may be to English visitors, the Belgians certainly are not suffering from the amazing conviction that Britain is the root-cause of the fall of the franc. Everywhere the English are received with the greatest cordiality. The result is that the line of *plages* which practically run on to one another from Ostend to Zoute are fuller of English people this year than in any year since they were re-opened after the War.

A further result of the commonsense attitude of the Belgians is that new villas and hotels are springing up all along that line of coast, a material sign of the success of being civil and polite.

Alfieri

AT A NEW FOREST FLOWER SHOW

Major Sloane Stanley and Miss Sloane Stanley photographed at the Bartley (New Forest) Flower Show and Fête. This was held recently in Bartley Lodge Park

Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. McLeod walking round the tents at the Bartley Flower Show. The spectators had to be prepared for whatever the weather had to offer

British Illus.

RACING IN THE ISLAND

Brig.-General P. Leveson Gower and Miss Woodin at the Isle of Wight Meeting. Brig.-General Leveson Gower's home in the Island is Kings Freshwater, near Yarmouth

British Illus.

A PADDOCK SNAPSHOT

Mr. and Mrs. Vavasour photographed in the paddock at the Isle of Wight Steeplechases. The course at Ashey was very full for the occasion

THE LUNCHEON INTERVAL *Sport and General*

Members of Lord Barnby's shoot on the Menzies Moors, Perthshire, enjoying a rest after the morning's work. The group includes Colonel the Hon. F. S. Jackson, Colonel Duff, the Duke and Duchess of Atholl, Sir Cuthbert Quilter, Lady Manton, Lady Quilter, Mrs. Melcer, Lord Manton, Lord Burnby, the Hon. Mrs. Campbell and Master Alistair Campbell

READY FOR THEM *Topical*

Lord Willoughby gives a demonstration of how one accounts for the birds when they come over. The photograph was taken at Lord Ancaster's shoot over the Mosshead Moor, near Muthill

Cerulea, Countess of Poppingfold

THERE is a lady whose name looms largely and frequently as the patroness of charities of every sort and description. Unlike Becky Sharp, in all her life she has never done anything she shouldn't have done, but she really could equally well be made the subject of a novel.

On the rare occasions upon which she speaks of her parentage, she says, "My dear father was in the Church." So he was. He was a verger. We will call the lady Cerulea, Countess of Poppingfold.

Cerulea, who had some looks and a good figure, went on the stage after selling ribbons and buttons in a very small draper's shop. She had no particular talent and never got beyond the chorus of musical comedy in the provinces. On one of her tours she made the acquaintance of a naval sub-lieutenant, the youngest son of a most impecunious earl with a large family. There's no manner of doubt that when the Hon. Peter Parsome pursued his first acquaintance with Cerulea the altar had nothing whatever to do with his intentions. But to his own amazement and to the utter consternation of his family he found himself married to the provincial chorus girl. In less than a year he openly cursed the evening that had taken him to the theatre where he had been smitten by Cerulea. They had nothing except his slender pay and a small allowance from his father, who declined to see either him or his wife.

During this year Cerulea had learnt many things. The titles of Earl and Hon. had dazzled her. To be the Hon. Mrs. Peter Parsome seemed the highest possible bliss. It was a heavy blow when she found that the title is never used, except on the address of envelopes. She learnt, too, that there are earls, and earls, some very distinguished, some most insignificant.

A Way Out

AFTER eighteen months the Hon. Peter was left a considerable sum of money by a relative. He and Cerulea were heartily tired of one another, and discovering that the wife who divorces her husband gets a comfortable slice of his income as alimony, Cerulea suggested that the Hon. Peter should allow himself to be called a respondent in the Divorce Court. The Hon. Peter accepted the suggestion with alacrity, and Cerulea had a title, such as it was, a comfortable income and no tiresome husband.

She came to London, but found life very dull. She didn't know anybody, and nobody seemed ever to have heard of the Parsome family. On the advice of the widow of a general, whom she met in a hotel in

Sport and General

THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY

which she stayed in South Kensington, a hardened old campaigner up and down the ways of the world, Cerulea spent the next year or so abroad, in Italy and on the Riviera. There, as the old campaigner had told her, her title would have considerable value amongst the English people she met in hotels, and if she was careful she could make acquaintances who would be useful to her when she came back to London.

The old campaigner's prophecy came true, and when she returned to England Cerulea had a very respectable visiting-list. She what is called "got there" every time, and brought off an astonishing *coup* when she married Sir Radolix Raffington, a wealthy baronet and always considered a hopeless bachelor.

Sir Radolix was a hunting and racing man, and Cerulea found herself plunged in a world of which she was wholly ignorant. In fact, she couldn't understand

LADY MAR AND KELLIE

half of what Sir Radolix's friends said to her. In the end, like the Hon. Peter, the baronet welcomed Cerulea's suggestion that he, too, should be a respondent. And behold her, once more free of a husband and with a big income.

The Climax of the Story

Now all this time Cerulea had been keeping her eyes very wide open, and she had seen more than one instance of interest in charity opening wide social doors which no Lady Raffington could hope to enter just because she was Lady Raffington. So she took to charity with unceasing endeavour, and in a few years had reached social heights which would have dizzied the Hon. Mrs. Peter Parsome.

PRINCESS MARY IN THE BUTTS WITH LORD LASCELLES

MEMBERS OF LORD LONSDALE'S SHOOT

The Twelfth, which was one of the most successful of recent years, was opened at Lowther Castle, Penrith, with Lord Lonsdale's usual house party. The guests included Princess Mary and Lord Lascelles

In these heights she met the Earl of Poppingfold, an aged peer with both feet and one hand in the grave, and to the outspoken rage of his grown-up family married him. He survived his children's indignation only a year, leaving his Countess a charming little place in the country and a jointure so handsome that the present Earl wrings his hands when it falls due. Thus it is that we see the name of Cerulea, Countess of Poppingfold, looming so largely and so frequently as the patroness of charities of all sorts and descriptions. Cerulea has indeed "arrived," and will have a crowded memorial service when she dies.

Photographs

LORD LONSDALE

Sport and General

MR. ANTHONY LOWTHER AND LADY MARY ASHLEY-COOPER

Deauville is Diverting

By "PETETTE"

EACH year jealous competitors and gloomy killjoys predict the ultimate failure of Deauville. So far their prophesies remain unfulfilled. This year the *Plage Fleurie* is gayer and smarter than ever. Perhaps in the most expensive hostelries the crowd is a little less dense. A case of killing the goose, no doubt. But on the whole the little Norman village is flourishing apace. There is more youth than in former seasons, and youth always brings *chic* and a delightful joyousness of its own.

PERHAPS the renewed success and vigour that is distinctly perceptible at Deauville is due to the fact that the *Plage* itself has fully come into its own. This is due to the energy and enterprise of the late M. Eugène Cornuché in constructing the Roman baths that are such an attractive and luxurious feature of the Norman coast. Even the famous Potinière has a rival in the new open-air bath that is attached to the bathing establishment. It certainly is much more fun to lounge in one's bathing suit and wrap while sipping the morning cocktail and consuming the matutinal shrimp than to hasten back to one of the hotels and change into something smart enough to *épater* the crowd and draw the attention of the Press photographer. One is much more certain of success in the bathing kit reduced to the absolute minimum.

THE space of the golden sands in front of the Roman baths has its attraction with the blue sea beyond. Youth prefers this to the circumscribed area, bound in with ropes, that borders the Potinière. And where youth goes the whole world tries to follow.

THE *Plage* is a scene of brilliant gaiety all day long. Bathing costumes may be brief, but they never were brighter. Every colour of the rainbow is to be seen. One damsel attracts a little crowd of astonished admirers as, wearing an abbreviated tunic in scales of mother-of-pearl, she gambols and dances and plays a graceful ball game with a handsome Alsatian police dog. Pretty girls make a practice of carrying those coloured air balloons that used to be sold to children. A bunch of them adds an exquisite note of movement, light and colour to a slim figure wrapped in some gorgeous shawl or jazz-patterned wrap.

THE sensation of the season is the appearance on the *Plage* of the caterpillar motor tractors from the Desert of the Sahara. They have come to Deauville to give joy rides to bathers and show them something of the mode of transit in Central Africa. What fun it is to ride in them! No child at Deauville would say "Thank you" for the old-fashioned donkey now. You can clamber on to the broad mud-guards and pile yourselves on the seats, and there always seems room for just one more to squeeze in, and then pretend the sands of Normandy are really a desert waste and the journey to the water's edge a voyage into a savage unknown land. The grown-ups are as delighted as the children. In the first place they are glad that Deauville has something new with which to astonish the world. Most celebrities on the globe having honoured the *Plage Fleurie* with their presence as distinguished visitors, it is now open to the field of enterprise to provide a nine days' wonder for August, and André Citroën has done it for 1926.

THE racing season has opened with success, and polo is going strong. Lord and Lady Wodehouse have arrived and are staying with Mr. Herbert Pulitzer and his mother. Mr. Pulitzer is a keen polo player whose form has much improved of late. Stars of the polo world who are expected to put in an appearance are the Duke of Alba and Berwick and his brother, the Duke of Peñaranda, besides Mr. Ralph Lambton, Colonel "Freddie" Guest, and others too numerous to mention.

SOME excellent international teams will take the field, and most interesting matches are to be expected. There are already two good playing grounds at Deauville, and a third is being constructed between the Tir Aux Pigeons and the Club, putting Deauville easily in the front rank of all clubs in Europe. Its accessible situation makes it a favourite summer haunt of many notable players. Excellent arrangements are made for the transport and meeting of ponies and grooms, and the accommodation is first class.

THE Casino is still the brilliant parade of fashion it always has been. Half the people go to see the clothes and the other half to gamble. Fantastic sums counted in francs change hands. One hundred thousand francs instead of twenty thousand is the maximum banco in the mixed *Salle de Baccarat,* and nobody knows the height it may reach in the *Salle Privée* frequented by the famous Greek syndicate and open only to men. Already one of them was heard to remark to another after an exceptionally heavy coup: "That money would buy an island and several villages in our country!" And all on the turn of a card. Some people take exception to the enormous stakes that are played for at Deauville. They talk of restrictive measures to protect the pocket of the public. But if supposedly balanced individuals who know the difficulty of making money are willing to risk their hard-earned gains on the *tapis vert* they deserve no pity if they lose, especially if they have reached years of discretion.

IT is quite obvious that everybody who holiday-makes at Deauville does not pass every night hectically at the tables, otherwise there would not be so many early riders on the sands, tennis players on the courts and before-breakfast bathers, for we all need some sleep.

G.P.U.

A SAND BATH AT DEAUVILLE

A group snapped between bathes on the beach at Deauville. The photograph shows Lady Carlisle (left) Sir Frederick Anstruther, Lord Carlisle Lady Anstruther and Capt. R. E. Bedley

Deauville Days

AND SOME OF THOSE WHO ARE ENJOYING THEM AT THE FAMOUS SOCIETY PLAYGROUND

G.P.U.

MR. CECIL LATTA (left), COMMANDER STANLEY MITCHELL LADY LATTA, MR. A. K. MACOMBER, MRS. MACOMBER, COMTESSE DE CRAMAYEL AND SIR JOHN LATTA

G.P.U.

MR. AND MRS. WILLS

G.P.U.

A GROUP INCLUDING MRS. GAMBLE, THE MARQUIS DE MENTO, MR. HARVEY MR. A. CRABBE AND MR. J. COATES

Keystone

LORD MICHELHAM WITH LADY COTTENHAM AND MRS. H. E. LYONS

Keystone

COLONEL H. H. HAYES WITH HIS SON

Produced July 22, 1926

By "JINGLE"

Illustrated by MACMICHAEL

THIS play is rather different from the ordinary "crook" play of commerce, because the identity of the chief delinquent is revealed almost from the start. Another point of difference is that although Beccles seems to have been a "crook" of the first water, he is turned from the broad highway into the strait and narrow path all for the love of a girl. I think this is the weak spot of the play. Most people like their "crooks" served on the half-shell, as it were, without any extenuating circumstances. He must either escape from the hands of justice at the finish (to thunderous applause) or he must fall with his face to the foe in the conscientious pursuit of his unlawful job. It doesn't seem quite fair for him to turn "good" when all the while we have been revelling in his sinfulness. There seems under the circumstances to be a covert implication that we in the audience are no better than we ought to be.

WE have to "Ask Beccles" because he is ostensibly a mine of general information at the service of the public. He runs an office in London where he acts as confidential adviser in matters concerning the heart or the pocket, which, as most people know to their cost, are very nearly allied. But the office is merely a cloak to mask the criminal adventures of Beccles. We have little or no record of his presumably sinful past beyond the fact that he once restored to its fair owner a valuable necklace, apparently on the principle that those who hide can find. Only one actual transaction is dealt with in the play. A wealthy widow of middle age, Mrs. Rivers, a paying guest at an impoverished country house, boasts of her jewels, especially of her possession of the famous "Firth" diamond, for which her late husband paid twenty thousand pounds in the vain hope that it might by its brilliance help people to forget her bulky plainness.

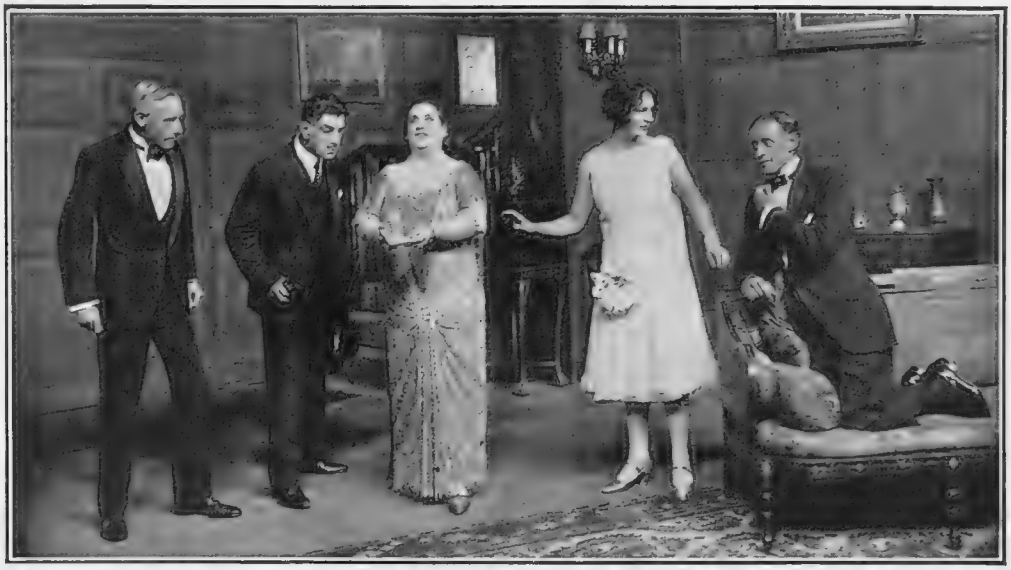
THE GREAT BALL GAME *Stage Photo Co.*

Mathew Blaze (Lewin Mannering) uses a little gentle persuasion on that amiable but suspicious character, Eustace Beccles (Basil Foster). The golf ball seen in the photograph plays a big part in the proceedings

SUDDENLY Mrs. Rivers discovers that her precious diamond has been stolen and that a base imitation has been put in its place. Without consulting her hostess in the least she rushes to the telephone and brings the police to the very correct premises. As far as the audience is concerned the thief makes no secret of his crime. He proudly exhibits the missing gem in its cunning hiding place; and the interest of the play therefore lies in the measures adopted for running him to earth, and his adroit evasion of the sleuthhounds of the law. In the second act we are taken to Beccles's house in London. We are shown a richly furnished apartment where Beccles, with the aid of a devoted native man-servant named Baki, receives his visitors. They may be welcome or they may be troublesome; but each is dealt with according to his lights—or shades, as the case may be. One of the first callers is Inspector Daniel of the Yard, who comes to Mr. Beccles as to a fountain of general knowledge, with the obvious mental reservation that Beccles is himself the thief. As it happens, the detective throughout the interview is seated within a few inches of the stolen gem without knowing it, to the intense delight of the audience, who are with Beccles to a man. This part of the Inspector is admirably played by Mr. Victor Lewisohn, who makes the cocksure detective to the life.

A STERNER and more picturesque caller is Mathew Blaze, a Hebrew diamond dealer, most satisfyingly represented by Mr. Lewin Mannering. Mr. Blaze comes into the sanctum unannounced. He glides through the doorway while the room is temporarily unoccupied, and sits in the visitor's chair, as if he meant to take root and grow there. Blaze has no sort of doubt as to who has possession of the famous diamond. So

much so that he does not even argue with Beccles about it. He says merely that he had called for it, as he is the only man in his rather dubious profession who can safely dispose of so large a stone, and he won't be happy till he gets it. When Beccles ridicules the idea that the diamond is in his possession Blaze produces an ugly-looking revolver with the intimation that his terms are strictly business, and if they are not agreed to there will be another job for the local coroner.



KEEPING AN EYE ON THE FACTS *Stage Photo Co.*

Sir James Holforth (S. A. Cookson), Inspector Daniel (Victor Lewisohn) and Eustace Beccles show a keen interest in Mrs. Rivers's (Barbara Gott) jewels. Marion (Barbara Hoffe), however, seems equally interested in Beccles

This is where the native servant, Baki, comes in. Baki (a fine piece of acting by Mr. Charles Wade) owes his life to Beccles, and he considers it to be his simple duty to track down people who are offensive to his master, and to do them in. So just as Blaze is on the point of shooting (I nearly said blazing away; only stopped myself just in time) Baki creeps up behind him and envelops his head in a cloak that is doped. Mr. Blaze's unconscious form is then hustled into a safe, which proves to be an automatic lift, and Baki is instructed to take the unhappy man to some lonely spot and lose him. It happens, however, that Mr. Blaze is not a man who can be easily lost. He turns up at the country house in the next act with the view of making more trouble, and is hoist, as the Bard has it, with his own petard. If this should not be clear to the uninitiated reader, I would explain that he is shot down by the police, who find the fake diamond in the waistcoat pocket of his mortal remains.

But, as the novelists used to say, I anticipate. Before Blaze arrives at the country house Beccles, under the spell of True Love, has decided to lead a better life for the future. So many instances occur in history of men who have been driven to crime for the sake of a lovely woman that it is quite refreshing to meet a case of the opposite direction. Beccles's chief wish now is to restore the diamond to its owner without revealing the identity of the thief. The usual trick of suddenly extinguished lights, and the consequent scrambling and shouting in the dark, is then performed, the only variant being that the lights are apparently switched off by accident, although we know that Beccles did it on purpose. Mrs. Rivers (Miss Barbara Gott) gets her real diamond back again, while the imitation is disposed of as hereinbefore set out in detail.

The play then ends on the note of sin redeemed by love. There is an interwoven plot in which a wicked baronet hopes by juggling with a mortgage to win Beccles's best girl for himself. This gives Mr. Eric Maturin a chance to show how unpleasant a man can make himself when he must and will possess her—and doesn't. As Beccles Mr. Basil Foster sails with easy confidence through his job of evading all the nets that are spread for him, and his reception is triumphant accordingly.

"ROOKERY NOOK."—A Correction.

Mr. Griffith Humphreys, of the Aldwych Theatre, has written to me thus: "The reason why, as 'Putz,' the Prussian in 'Rookery Nook,' I use the word *égal* in preference to *einerlei* is that ever since the days of Frederick the Great, cultured Prussians have preferred this foreign term. I happen to know, as I was educated in Prussia. *Egal* is used pretty frequently all over Germany."

One or two other watchful readers of pleasant learning have sent me word to the same deadly effect, and so I take my walks abroad today with a humble and a contrite heart. Jingle.

BON MOT-IFS

By HARTLEY CARRICK

As so many conferences are being held this month, it looks as though the country is going to the pow-wows.

. . . . . .

Mlle. Lenglen's conversion to professionalism has caused quite a flutter. Everyone is discussing the pros and cons.

. . . . . .

The race for supremacy among our cricket scribes this year is a very keen one. One county player, we believe, this week completed his 20,000th word.

. . . . . .

Croquet is said to be very popular this season. Husbands, however, need not play it to be put through the hoops by their wives.

. . . . . .

"What is the world coming to?" asks a contemporary. Judging from our experience at the sea last week-end, we should say "Brighton."

. . . . . .

I bought quite recently a chow,
Who bites my bedroom shoes;
And though a chow it's true I chose,
The chow it is who chews!

. . . . . .

Asked to write a sentence with the word "kidnapping" in it, Bobby perpetrated this: "Mother put the baby in the cot and soon found the kid napping."

By Peter Fraser

SINGLE BLESSEDNESS

Sandy (*overcome by doctor's bill*): "Mon, I hed single pneumonia, ye ken, not double pneumonia"

A flapper wants to know how much she should pay for a cricket bat. Our advice is:—

Do not by cheap bats be enticed;
Like pretty girls they should be
"spliced."

FEELING CHIPPY.

One votes for the savoury mutton;
One praises more delicate lamb;
Another declares he's a glutton,
When he gets his teeth into a ham.
O'er rissoles I've seen some have gloated,
As each morsel they've raised to their lips;
But I am more deeply devoted
To chops and to chips!

I know that 'tis sweet to be tackling
With mushrooms a porter-house steak;
I'm aware that to hear 'em crunch crackling
Is enough to make any heart ache.
For tripe when it's really in season
I've received some reliable tips;
Yet I fondly and faithfully freeze on
To chops and to chips!

There's nought to be said 'gainst a lobster,
And not out of place is a skate;
Some bosoms with many a throb stir,
With their eyes and their sole on their plate!
But I feel myself raving and ramping,

(Continued on page 368)

By A. Molloy

PASSING KIND

The Bore: "I passed by your place yesterday"
The Bored: "Thanks, awfully!"

HAMPERED!

BY STAN TERRY

"What are all those hampers?"
"Oh, those are the chorus girls' dresses"
"H'm! Let's go to another show!"

"THE WEARIN' O' THE GREEN" By J. C. B. Knight

Reginald (*being shown over famous golf course by secretary*): "Not bad turf, this—topping for a moonlight dance!"

And the waiter and chef get no tips,
If at lunch-time I find I'm not champing
My chops over chips!

. . . . .

"You're always asking for something. You'll ask me for the moon next."

"Well, you'd never get over it if I did!"

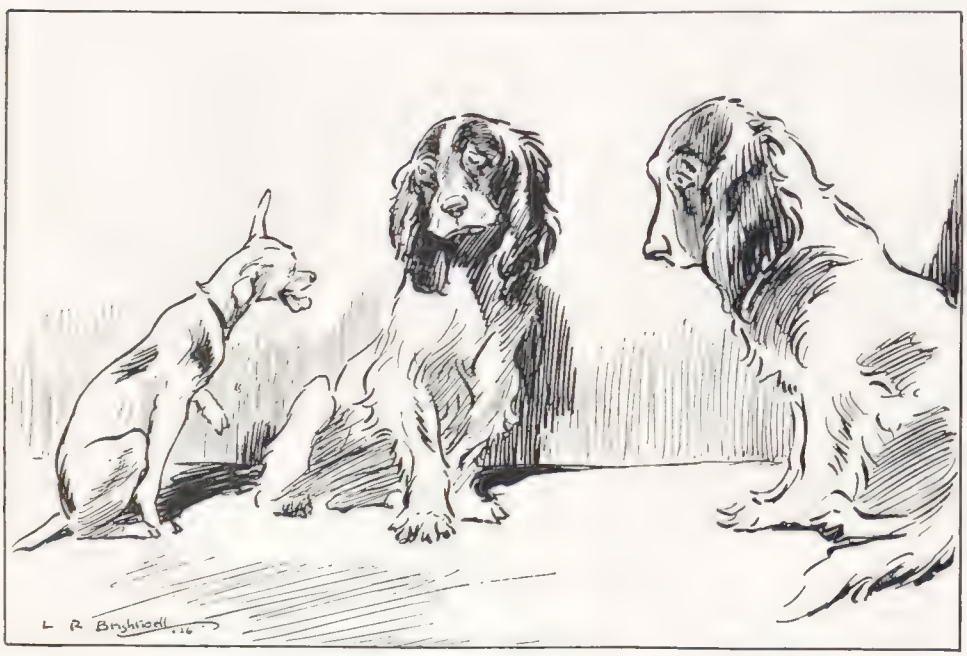
A MEMORY.

Do you remember, John (it's long ago, lad),
When "Let 'em all come" was the catchword cry?
When damsels' blouses were not cut so low, lad,
And aeroplanes were never seen on high?
When Test games were occasionally ended,
And when the sun occasionally shone,
When miners to their daily job descended—
Do you remember, John?

Do you recall when ladies wore long tunics
When in the sea they took their stately dip?
And not those short, abbreviated blue knicks
In which the modern matrons lightly trip.
Can you forget the price we paid for whisky,
In days when ruby wine we looked upon?
Days when we thought that Bernard Shaw was risky—
Do you remember, John?

Do you recall the valse that thrilled our vitals
In times when kinemas were yet unknown?
(And, therefore, females couldn't read sub-titles
Aloud in that confounded monotone.)
And—was it down at Esher, Kew or Iver,
When your finances suddenly had gone,
And you, you blighter, touched me for a fiver—
Do you remember, John?

Hartley Carrick.



THE INEVITABLE GROUSE By L. R. Brightwell

Gun Dog: "Our old man's gone up to town to take out an insurance policy"
Terrier: "But I thought he *was* insured"
Gun Dog: "Ah! But *we're not!*"

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THE BLESSINGS OF SCIENCE

The Pekingese arrives by private lift from his suite to partake of afternoon tea with his mistress

LA ROUTE A

An impression of a typical scene on the road to the racecourse at Dinard. The all-conquering motor has not yet entirely ousted th

UTE AUX COURSES

BY [illegible]

y ousted the more *élégante* horse equipage, and one may still ride or drive to the race meeting in the fashion of a more leisurely generation

EVE!

PARISIANA

By "Rene"

Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN

"Dis donc, cherie, passe-moi le pot de bas de soie"

MES AMIS—

PARIS, of course, always appears chock full of contradictions to the English onlooker, but there cannot be many things which exceed, or even equal, in contradictoriness the decisions of the Paris courts. They are even confusing to the Parisian himself, practised as he is in such matters.

One would almost be justified in gathering the impression that the decisions in regard to *crimes passionnels*, for example, given in the Seine area are governed not by the main evidence but by whether the accused person registered a bull's-eye, or only an "inner," that is, that the supreme fact is the skill, or lack of it, on the part of the marksman.

The bull's-eye, as proved again and again, wins the favour of the juryman, regardless of the fact that a bull's-eye means a fatality, whereas an "inner" means only wounds that may be cured within a few weeks. The pity is that the victim of the bull's-eye is not there to protest against the evident unfairness, as he would doubtless win on appeal.

Lest this presentation of the position might sound extravagant, one must mention that, besides the many previous examples, there were recently rendered two verdicts within ten days of one another, which emphasised that the earlier ones were not accidental but in the regular order of things. There was the case of M. Lancel, the millionaire *maroquinier*, who shot and killed his wife's lover, M. Marge, and who was acquitted with almost automatic celerity.

"Just painted"

THEN within a few days Léon Arnaud, who fired three bullets into his former fiancée, but each of them a little off the mark, was condemned to three years' imprisonment and twenty thousand francs damages, in equally expedient fashion. Somehow the well-worked phrases *fièvre delirante, amour, passion*, do not carry at all in favour of the accused individual when he is charged only with wounding, though they magnetise the jury every time in the fatal cases.

It is really supremely difficult to follow the course of reasoning, unless it is that the juries set above everything the desire to encourage good marksmanship. All prospective occupants of the dock are advised to take shooting lessons.

IN looking on the music-hall stage we have long been aware that all was not gold that glittered, but it has come rather as a shock to learn that the sheen on the stockings was so far from being silk that it had come out of a pot. *Mais, oui;* just painted on like giving a new coat to the rabbit-hutch. Who can now say that the gilding of the lily is impossible, when "silk" is painted on the lady's cotton stockings?

It is the old old story of the necessity for invention mothering the right idea at the moment when economy becomes imperative. The music-hall managers found their bills for silk stockings had become an impossible burden, and as the artificial ones did not quite come up to requirements in the footlight glare, they called for the aid of some clever manufacturer and he arrived, with "silk" in a pot. Now, if you go round the wings, one of the most frequent remarks you hear is: *Dis donc, chérie, passe-moi le pot de bas de soie.*

J. JOSEPH-RENAUD, the author, has been finding himself very unpopular. In fact, he has been getting into most unpleasantly hot water when certain ladies he has encountered have discovered he was the very Joseph to whom they wished to give a piece of their mind.

Joseph is the observant laddie who came to the conclusion that the enterprising modern "young things" of forty-seven or so, who smoke thirty cigarettes a day, take three cocktails before dinner, and can dance all night with the best of the *jeunes filles*, did not quite fit the title of *garçonnes* but would be aptly designated by the kindred name of *barbonnes*. And being an able sort of author he made a book round this one word, picturing the *barbonnes* as he saw them.

Unfortunately the ladies who considered themselves *visées* in the *roman* did not read it in anything like the appreciative sense that the writer desired them to. *Les barbonnes sont de grandes amoureuses* and Joseph is now trying to to explain that he sought to treat their *histoires* as such, and most sympathetically; but they had come to the conclusion that he was endeavouring to skit and ridicule them, and it is to be feared that his explanations have come too late. Another case of good intentions gone wrong.

"The picture of the unoccupied desk"

OUR M. BELIN is a very talented inventor, but I think he would be very well-advised not to push things too far. It is a very fine thing to possess talents, but it is even finer to know when to put the brake on them. Lots of very talented men have become more of a nuisance than an asset by failing to heed the counsels of the mere common-sense men.

You may recall that M. Belin invented the method of transmitting writing by the telegraph wire or by wireless, which was subsequently developed to the extent of sending photographs by wireless.

THIS was excellent, though I must say in all frankness, with considerable experience of the newspaper-reading public from both sides, that I have found very few people who were in such a hurry to see pictures of any particular event that they wanted them by wire or wireless wave.

Anyhow, that was not a source of *embêtement* for anybody, whereas the latest development threatens to become an unbearable infliction. M. Belin claims to be on the point of making it possible to see a person at the other end of a telephone wire. The technique is not quite perfect yet, but it has been over a distance of fifty yards or so, and it is not so terribly long ago that an aeroplane flight of fifty yards was a triumph, and already four-thousand-mile hops are being made by airmen.

LET us hope there will be a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip in this case, for not much could be more terrifying than a world in which one could be spied upon at any moment by the mere asking for a telephone number. How could any poor husband hope to get a night at the club on the old excuse of heavy work at the office, for his wife could have the picture of the unoccupied desk thrown on the telephone screen at home at any moment.

ABSENT lovers may see virtues in the invention; I can't think of anyone else who would. And everybody will be able to think of circumstances in which it would be the most horrible of tortures, particularly in a city where one is switched on to the wrong number more often than the right. Think of the number of ruined homes that might be totalled by the machinations of one careless or spiteful telephone operator getting really busy.

Perhaps it would be a very fine thing for M. Belin to succeed, just to show it can be done, but, after that, about the best next step would be to break up the machine, as lots of far more useful inventions were broken up by people who thought they would be the victims.

RENÉ.

"Les barbonnes sont de grandes amoureuses"

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Buying a Hat

HOBO BROS.

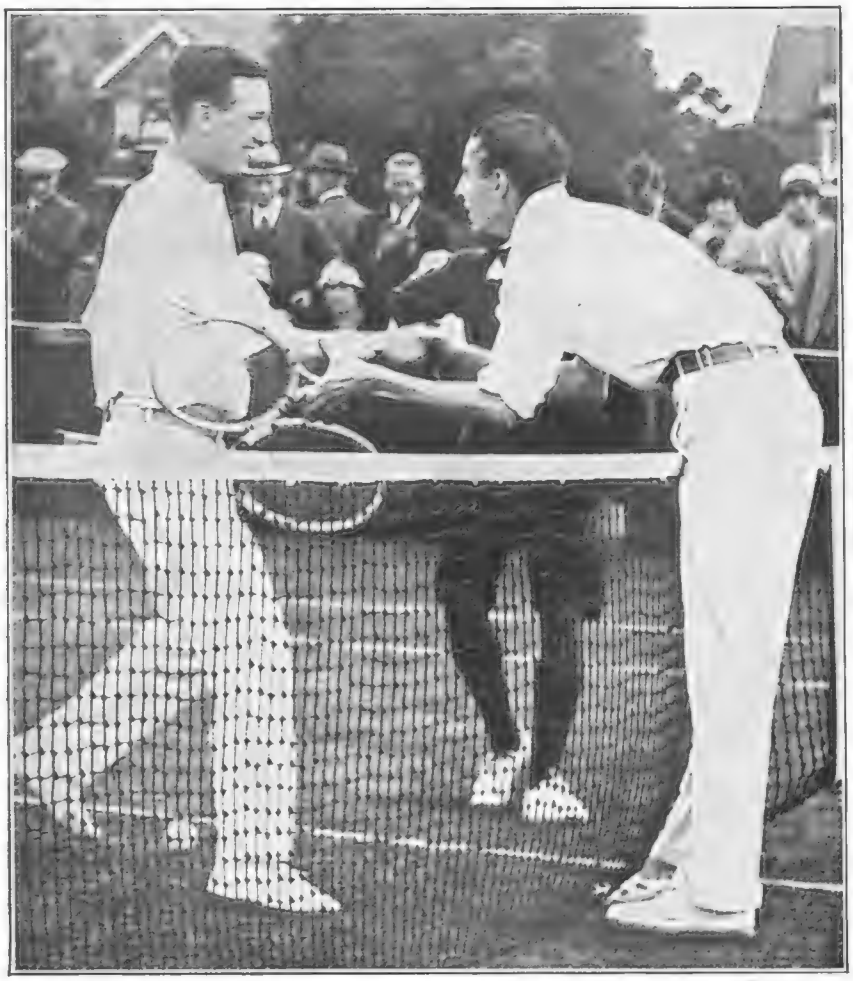
How one of the greatest of man's sartorial tasks is performed the world over

A Medley of Sport Caught by

ON THE MAT!

Frank Smith

Mr. Charles Birkin, the Hon. Mrs. Maurice Brett, Mr. Michael Gold and Miss Katherine Ives answer the summons of the camera with a good grace. The group was taken at a recent tennis tournament at Lamcote House, Lt.-Col. C. W. Birkin's home at Radcliffe-on-Trent



Topical

HANDS ACROSS THE NET

D. A. Doughty (left) congratulating F. R. Fry on winning the final of the Boys' Singles Championship at the Lawn Tennis Tournament at Bournemouth. The Tournament was held on the Dean Park ground, and drew a very strong entry for the different events, as well as numbers of spectators from all over Hampshire

Sport & General

SHORE TACTICS

Commander G. H. Brady and Engineer Lt.-Cmdr. L. J. Carr, who won the Doubles Championship of the Royal Navy and Royal Marines at Queen's Park Their opponents were Lt.-Cmdr. P. F. Glover and Lt.-Cmdr. Bowyer-Smith

the Camera in Summer Days

Sport & General

IN THE NORTH

Princess Mary with the Hon. Mrs. Edward Lascelles and Mr. Grainger at the Bramham Moor Hunt Puppy Show. The event took place at Hope Hall Kennels, Bramham

Central Press

A BROTHERLY SHAKE

The Prince of Wales congratulating a prize-winning brother Scout at the Welsh Boy Scouts Camp at Llandrindod Wells. H.R.H. spent a night in the camp

Central News

ROSES OF VICTORY

R. Senechal and Louis Wagner, who won the R.A.C. Grand Prix at Brooklands. This was the first International Motor Grand Prix held in England, and the French car, a Delage covered the distance of 287 miles in 4 hours 0 mins. 56 3-5 secs.

Central Press

ALL SMILES!

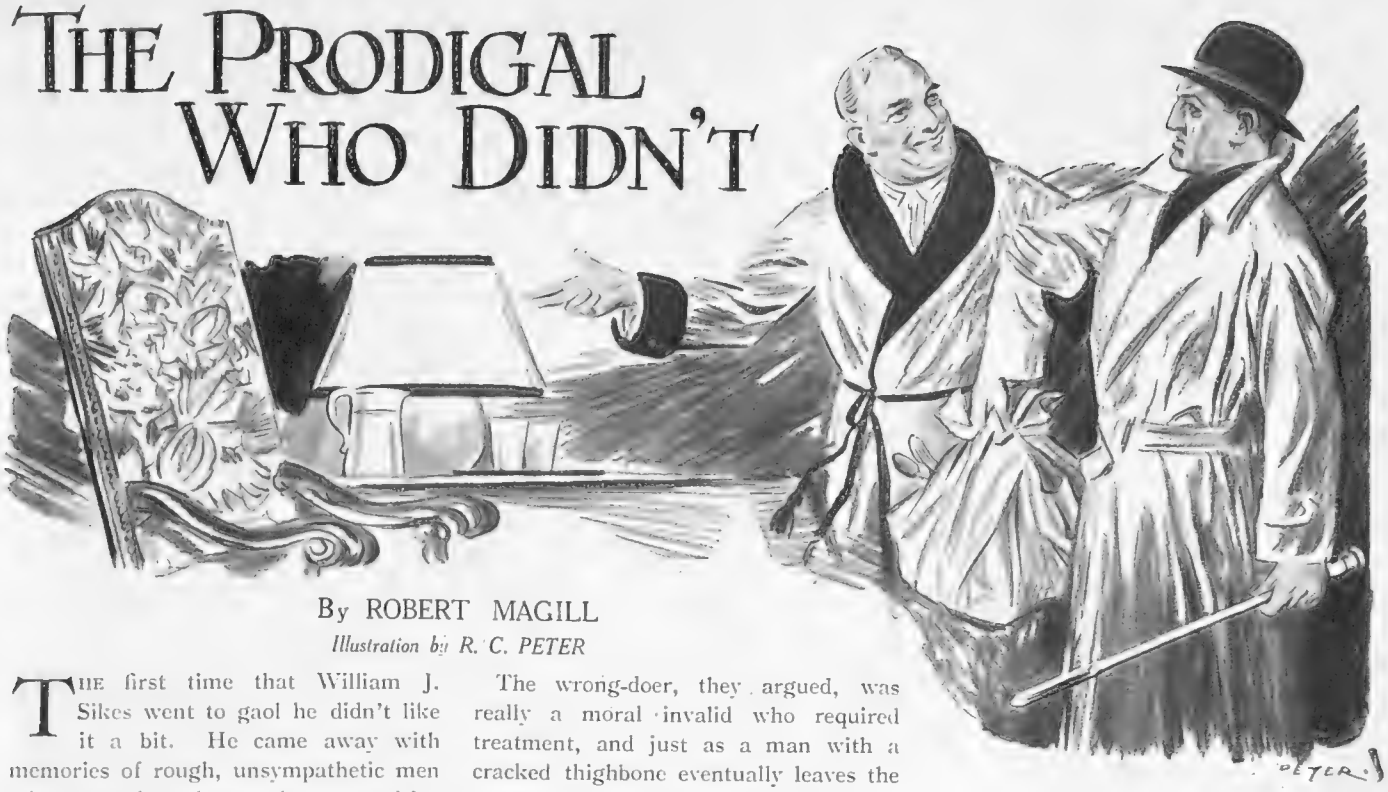
Lady Londonderry receiving the first prize from the Hon. Lady Kennedy at the Mahee Bay Regatta. Major C. Blakiston-Houston is seen in the background

Cook's Swan Song

BY DAVID WILSON

"Then if he lose, he makes a swan-like song,
Fading in music"—SHAKESPEARE

The Prodigal Who Didn't



By ROBERT MAGILL

Illustration by R. C. PETER

The first time that William J. Sikes went to gaol he didn't like it a bit. He came away with memories of rough, unsympathetic men who seemed to have taken a positive dislike to him, coarse food, and a *régime* so monotonous that he could only remember one place he disliked more, and that was church, where he had sung in the choir until some misunderstanding arose because he had been found with his hand in somebody else's pocket.

At all events, he spent six such unpleasant months in Pentonville that he determined never to risk being sent to prison again. For several years he lived an honest life, or at least as honest as most men, in so far that he was never found out. He never even falsified his income-tax form. He was so honest that he never had an income. At times, he even worked.

It was work in the end that proved his undoing. It grew on him like a craving for drugs, and he overdid it. His job was to load vans by carrying goods out of a warehouse, and one night they caught him carrying out quite a lot under his coat when there was no van to load.

Zeal like this has to be restrained. This time he got twelve months.

But they were not the same sort of months. In the meantime certain learned men had got to work and had decided that our prison system rapidly brutalised those who were unfortunate enough to be caught in its meshes, and that criminal tendencies were merely driven further in, instead of being eradicated, by punishment.

On the other hand, if we educated the burglar he would become less enterprising, and refinement would render the cut-throat less likely to occupy himself in crime.

The wrong-doer, they argued, was really a moral invalid who required treatment, and just as a man with a cracked thighbone eventually leaves the hospital cured, so the man with a bent integrity would eventually leave the corrective establishment with his disability made whole. Prison, they said, was to be an ethical sanatorium where the patients would be treated with lectures, concerts, classes in French, and so forth. The horrid prison dress was to be abolished, and the self-respect of the evil-doer developed by clothing him in respectable togs.

It was pointed out, of course, by old-fashioned opponents of the scheme, that at present the possession of a cultured accent is distinctly a social asset, but if this sort of thing went on any semblance of education in a man might make us want to look up the spoons.

But the reformers didn't care. They said that once employers had hesitated to employ an ex-gaolbird, but in future they would prefer him. They would know that he had been scientifically overhauled, and was guaranteed by the State.

The result was that William arrived at somewhere like Maidstone Gaol—only not, of course, that place—in time to find his fellow convicts—pardon—sufferers, busily engaged in discovering what had become of the pen of my aunt's gardener in the Second French Course.

As time went on William found that he had very little to complain about, although if he had had anything there is no doubt that it would have been promptly put right. He liked the library very much. If this was to be the wages of sin, he had long ago made up his mind as to his future career, and he used to study the encyclopædia on the manufacture of safes. He studied mechanical engineering, and looked up explosives. If the prison authorities wanted to help him in his after life William wasn't the lad to put any obstacle in their way.

In this establishment—which was like Parkhurst, only, of course, it wasn't Parkhurst—there was no oakum-picking. The only things the patients picked were the cutlet bones which were served to the two or three financiers who were staying for the cure.

William's most useful asset was his voice, which had earlier been developed at church, and he was the star performer in the choir. The Corrective Sartology nearly failed in his case. They tried him in plus fours, but his temperature went up so alarmingly that he suffered a relapse, and tried to kick the orderly—who in the old days used to be called the warder—into hospital.

There was only one thing that William could have dispensed with, and that was the everlasting round of concerts given to the inmates by amateurs, which were crude in the extreme compared with the finished performances of the prison glee party.

Eventually an E flat which should have been E natural, blown by a performer in a cornet solo, upset William's newly acquired musical taste so much that at the end of the seventh month he escaped.

But then he discovered, to his dismay, that he was not yet convalescent enough to be fit for the rush and tear of life outside. He had been too sheltered. With the unemployment problem as it stood he had no chance of a job even if he had tried to get one, and he could

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see by the films that recent progress in the profession he had chosen—that of expert burglar—had left him in the position of a raw beginner. The prison encyclopædia had been out of date. For obvious reasons he could not claim the dole. Starvation stared him in the face.

One night he told himself that nobody wanted him, and as the thought crossed his mind he knew that it was wrong. There was one person who wanted him, and that was the chaplain who ran the prison choir. How that poor man must have missed his best bass! There was one place where he would be welcomed, and that was the place he had come from.

So he decided to go back there.

That night he attempted a burglary, and bungled things so much that he was discovered by the householder just after he had dropped a tablecloth full of spoons on the stairs.

Unfortunately the householder happened to be a member of the Prison Reform Association.

"My poor fellow," he said, "I am very sorry for you. Sit down, have a glass of lemonade, and tell me what brought you to this condition."

After which he gave William some useful advice, a pair of old trousers, and a packet of tracks. He talked so long that William felt like earning a really long sentence by welting him one with the poker, but he reflected that it would probably be useless. This man would merely plead for mercy for him and talk to him all the more.

Next day he tried robbery with assault, but he picked out the wrong man.

When he came out of hospital, which, after prison, seemed like penal servitude, he tried again. He strolled along the Strand, and, armed with a brick, broke a jeweller's window, and grabbed a handful of pearls.

Naturally he ran, to give verisimilitude to his effort, but nobody ran after him. As he turned a corner he heard a man say, "There you are. The camera's concealed in that taxicab there."

And the jeweller never bothered. Business was not so brisk that he could afford to overlook the question of the insurance money. It doesn't matter much where jewels go, so long as they are paid for somehow.

William disgustedly threw the pearls into a dustbin. He was no swine, having received part of a very good education, but what he wanted was to be locked up. He wanted to go home, and it seemed that Society had conspired to prevent his going there.

He might have tried embezzlement, but the volume of the encyclopædia dealing with finance had been too much in demand with erstwhile City men in the place for him ever to have had an opportunity to get hold of it.

But suddenly a brilliant idea struck him. He was an escaped convict. If the police knew that they'd have him back to finish the rest of his sentence before he could wink. He would give himself up.

Five minutes afterwards he was explaining matters to an astounded sergeant in the nearest police station.

The sergeant fetched an inspector.

"I don't understand it," said the inspector. "Where does he say he escaped from?"

The sergeant told him, but we mustn't repeat the name, in case the place gets overcrowded.

"I don't believe it," said the inspector.

William swore on oath that it was true and they shut him up in a cell while they made enquiries. He pictured to himself the delight of the chaplain at the return of his prodigal; how comfortable it had been in the library and how good and plentiful had been the food.

Next day a doctor came and asked him several questions, after which the doctor said:

"Of course I'll certify him as insane. Any man who, of his own free will, came out of that prison, ought to be in a strait-jacket in case he does himself an injury. Take him off to the County Asylum."

THE ETERNAL QUESTION

Dorothy Gish and John Manners in "Tip-Toes," which the British National Pictures are now filming at their studios at St. Margaret's, Twickenham. John Manners is a new British film star who is advancing rapidly to the front in the Cinema world

Coolness in a cigarette

comes of quality. You can only make a cool-smoking cigarette out of the best tobacco.

Greys smoke so cool because they are made of *100 per cent. pure Virginia,* faultlessly filled.

To the smoker this means coolness, and coolness means a mellow smoothness for the tongue and throat and an exquisite flavour for the palate. Test every cigarette by coolness.

TEST Greys

THE **GREYS**

10 *for* 6d How very cool! 20 *for* 1/-

Major Drapkin & Co., London. Branch of The United Kingdom Tobacco Co., Ltd.

AND ARE GIRLS HORRIBLE?

By Blanchette *Illustrations by HELEN McKIE*

"Those Scottish moors"

LONDON, *August* 16.

DEAR COUSIN—

ARE girls horrible? Lady Astor says so, anyway, and I suppose she ought to know, because after all she was a girl once herself—or should I say goil? Though for that matter she includes the U.S. variety quite impartially, not to say sweepingly, in her calm, if somewhat devastating, statement, that, of course, has got to be taken, dear cousin, I exhort and beseech you, with all due and proper seriousness, seeing that our, or at any rate someone's, Nancy is, by all the laws and statutes of the realm and things, a perfectly good peeress, *plus* M.P.

卐

TYPICAL English girls and typical American girls, says she—both equally horrible. And *her* daughter, she says, is to grow up a fine type of woman, without any sort of national faults and failings, or words to that effect—meaning, I s'pose, something *quite* different from anything that's ever happened before or is happening now in both these poor dear benighted countries where they speak the more or less English language, albeit with some small, slight difference, what? Not to mention all the rest.

卐

HORRIBLE girls we all are it seems, or anyway the typical ones—and, come to think of it, breathes there a girl with soul so dead that never to herself has said, this is my own, my typical native nature, or phrases to the same purport? I mean to say, as the celebrated Lorelei might have remarked in the course of her somewhat entertaining dissertation about how Gentlemen Prefer Blondes, if we do happen to belong to a nation really I think a girl ought to stick to it and not be too frightfully ashamed, not to say sometimes almost even proud of being typically English.

卐

OR for that matter American. Two at least feminine and (it's hoped) rather typical members of which nation, that, I suppose, aforesaid Viscountess might perhaps be commonly believed to represent, or at any rate not contrariwise, in our so-called Mother of Parliaments, don't seem to have been doing quite so horribly badly lately, not to say rather adding some little glimmer or spark of lustre to the celebrated banner sometimes known as the Stars and Stripes. Tireless Trudie to wit and Amazing Anita to boot, which if I called 'em a couple of the World's Winningest Wonders I don't suppose I should be so fearfully or horribly off the mark—so there.

卐

WHICH I may add that Trudie more or less naturally or necessarily comes first, seeing that she's swum the Channel, which is more than most men can do, or, in fact, only four or five have happened to accomplish so far, and not one of them anything like so quickly either. Whereas Anita Loos, the almost equally incomparable, has merely written a book (concerning why aforementioned Gentlemen Prefer Blondes), likewise a play that this li'l old girl will have the chance of seeing quite soon. And, of course, need I say, sport wins every time *chez nous* against mere literature, or would our England stand where it does, what?

卐

RATHER a nice little couple of girls, though, these two, you know, between you and me, however typically horrible. And almost even give one furiously to forget some of those other (I hope and trust, and, in fact, insist on being perfectly certain sure), un-typical U.S. ones that are meantime frequenting, not to say more or less storming, some of our spacious thoroughfares and cute little public buildings like the Cheshire Cheese and the Tower of London, etcet., complete with Baedeker, chewing gum, and other appurtenances thereof.

卐

NOT that we really mind their sometimes somewhat vociferously impulsive little ways, bless their untutored hearts, nor—please observe, dear Cousin—chuck even one solitary single brick in their direction, like they do in France . . . Spite of the way the Dollar

"The mere idea of Scotland"

still lords it over the Pound (whatever the exchange may say) and how really, come to think of it, it's *we* that are paying in the end for their li'l trip to this one-horse town of London. Which reminds me, talking of France, of yet another *demoiselle* or *jeune femme*, or whatever they call it (a girl's got to be so careful about French, seeing that every word generally means something else, which is what they call the *Entente* don't they?). . . Suzanne, by name, and to wit, who's not quite such a novelty of the season, so to speak, as Anita *or* Trudie, but's anyway fair fluttered the dovecotes (Shakespeare), and generally helped to wake the world up these quiet days, when the venerable Sea Serp., not to mention Giant Goosegog., seemed to loom perilously near.

POSITIVELY got right back into the limelight she has (though rather disturbingly shared by aforesaid Trudie and Anita) by her really quite masterly stroke of deciding to accept £20,000 or thereabouts for going on playing lawn tennis, which she really rather likes, and also perforce giving Wimbledon a miss, which . . . well, didn't exactly seem to suit her complexion, or complex, or whatnot this very last season as ever was, did it, what? And in one stroke, leap, or bound, has danced from being a somewhat discredited ex-Queen to the much-talked-of (*and* dollared) leader of a new mode.

BECAUSE, after all, you know, dear Cousin, they're all enjoying her most frightfully whatever they may say about smudging the scutcheon of the good old honoured name of amateur, and all that sort of thing—which, meseems, is somehow, p'raps, just a tiny bit beside the mark these days when Hobbs can captain England and golf pros go everywhere and have distinguished sons at Oxford, and Cabinet Ministers, not to mention Deans, write about politics or religion all for that same filthy but convenient lucre that all the trouble seems to be about. Why *not* charge for being a specialist, come to think of it, even if it's only for hitting balls about in the right way instead of making solemn speeches or sermons, or snipping out appendixes at a hundred guineas a time?

"Typically English"

ANYWAY, says at least one (male) M.P., the woman myth is now exploded, and the ancient belief that woman was a delicate creature doing the—

Just like the ivy, I cling to thee—

touch all the time around the strong silent oak of Chivalrous Man quite utterly and completely *démodé*. Even on those Scottish moors where everyone who's anyone, I suppose, is supposed to be these mid-August days, if not dallying at Deauville or lounging on the Lido . . . even there they say quite a lot of once weak women are boldly and skilfully handling a gun, and occasionally hitting something, too, what's more.

RATHER fascinating, the mere idea of Scotland—though I don't know I can quite bear to think of it yet, with all the heather and open spaces and clean, clear air, etcet., *and* the nice tweedy things one wears after the Reboux and Reville-y exquisitenesses of town. Which makes one just a bit thankful, somehow, for once, that *we* aren't being dictated to yet, what? I mean Signor Mussolini's always been one of our dreams, hasn't he, in the way of mopping up all the tiresome little Cooks or other loud-speakers that still busily buzz around us here. But when it comes to a "standard dress for women," which is seemingly his latest "reform" (so's to reduce the cost of living, he says) it's just about time, meseems, to think twice about collecting and electing a same-sort-of He-man of our own. What with the shingle and the Eton crop we girls are all boys nowadays, and if we hadn't got that wee bit different yard and a half of dress—would life really be worth living?

With love,
Yours ever,
BLANCHETTE.

"Deans write about politics"

The Lure of the Links Pictorially

Photographs

MISS EVELYN COATS, MISS EVELYN GRAHAME AND MISS WILLIAMS

MISS SYBIL ESMOND

J. C. H. Balmain

MISS JEAN BRUCE

Topical

LORD HAMPDEN AND MR LESLIE MELVILLE

Central News

LADY HAMPDEN, COLONEL J. A. INNES AND COLONEL S. C. HOPE VERE

The famous golf course at North Berwick is once again the happy hunting ground of the golfing world.

Portrayed at North Berwick

G. W. Day

THE HON. ELIZABETH BRAND AND THE HON. MONICA BRAND

Topical

LORD KNARESBOROUGH AND MR. WALTER DE ZOETE

Photographs

THE HON. RICHARD AND MRS. LEGH

MISS LOIS WISHART-THOMSON

J. C. H. Baumann

MR GUY DE ROTHSCHILD

As will be seen from the above photographs, Society is once more well to the fore at these popular links

RACING NOTIONS By "Carbine"

August Racing

For the greater part of the present month racing is of the holiday variety. Many regular racegoers are away on the coast or on the moors. Others have gone to Deauville, where some of the best horses in training in France are competing for prizes which are well worth winning to French owners, but owing to the deplorable rates of exchange they no longer attract English stables in a financial sense. York is the meeting at which racing people reassemble. The fixture on the Knavesmire follows on pleasant meetings at Redcar and Stockton. The latter is one of the chief racing events of the present week. Sometimes you get a useful pointer for the St. Leger at Stockton. Never shall I forget seeing Polemarch run so well in a long-distance race there that I promptly backed him for the St. Leger at 40 to 1. I did not think much of my bet when the colt was beaten a week later at York, but it so happened that the journey there was not far enough for him, and he won the classic race all right.

Who Will Pay the Tax?

I am wondering what arrangements are going to be made with regard to the betting tax. That tax is now inevitable, and it is futile to make further protests against it. We have to devise some scheme by which the burden will be distributed equally on those who back horses and those who lay them. It amuses me to see it claimed by some bookmakers that the backers will have to pay the lot. If they persist in that attitude it will mean that betting will diminish so seriously that the layers will find the game scarcely worth the candle. As Mr. Winston Churchill pointed out in one of his original speeches on the subject, betting is a luxury, and no man need make a wager unless he wishes to do so. An exception, of course, is formed by the professional backers, but after all they are a very small proportion of the racing community. It seems to me that the tax is going to hit them hardest of all.

Onus on the Winners

My own idea is that backers should pay the tax if they win and bookies must do the same when they receive.

By "The Tout"

LORD HILLINGDON

A caricature of the popular Master of the Grafton Hunt in serious consultation with his jockey. S. H. Darling has charge of his horses in training

This arrangement could be worked with simplicity both on the racecourse and in the starting-price offices. If I have a fiver on a horse and he wins, I receive my winnings less the 2 per cent. of my stake, or less 3½ per cent., if I am betting by wire or telephone. If my horse loses the bookie pays the tax. The layers declare they cannot afford to do this. All I can say is that if they decline to do something of the sort they will soon discover there will be few backers left. Another suggestion which has been made is that backers and bookies should each pay half of the tax, but this seems likely to lead to far more financial complications than the scheme of making the winners pay. Every racing man agrees that this tax on turnover is monstrous, but I fear we shall have to make the best of it. In the long run I expect we shall have the totalisator here.

The "Tote"

For my own part I prefer to bet with a bookie rather than a machine, but I think the public would welcome the "tote." It is declared that the introduction of the totalisator would sound the death-knell of racing in this country. That is all stuff and nonsense. In all countries abroad where they bet on the "tote" racing is flourishing. However, it would be an immense hardship on the bookies if they were to be supplanted by the machine, and if they wish to avert this fate it behoves them to help out the backers in the matter of the impending betting tax. Among the attractions at Stockton on Wednesday will be the Stewards' Handicap, which looks an open affair. This course is likely to suit **Sweet Rocket,** and a victory for her in Lord Londonderry's colours would be immensely popular with the locals. On the following day **Marine Parade** may carry top weight to victory in the Middlesbrough Welter. For the Wilton Welter I fancy **Charmione.** The Bath Summer Handicap on Wednesday may be won by **Naldera,** who will have less formidable opposition than she encountered at Chepstow.

POLO NOTES By A. W. Coaten

The Army in India Team

An interesting statement regarding the financial position of the proposal to send an Army in India team to the United States next year has lately been issued officially by Major T. W. Corbett, who has been appointed honorary secretary of the Army in India team for America. It appears that Lord Wimborne, who financed the last team to play for the International Cup in America, put up £27,600 for expenses from the United Kingdom. He eventually received £6,000 back from Hurlingham. The statement throws light on the costly nature of the enterprise, and shows why the senior club cannot afford to finance off its own bat the teams which go out with the object of recovering the trophy. It seems that the Army in India team has definitely been selected to represent Hurlingham in the struggle for the Cup, on the condition that the team receives sufficient financial backing.

Financial Backing

Early in the year we were told there would be little difficulty in getting together the necessary funds in India, but latterly there does not appear to have been a great deal of optimism on this point. Actually the sum which is required from the public in India is three lakhs of rupees, which amounts approximately to £22,500. It is reckoned that Hurlingham will be able to provide £6,000 towards the cost of the undertaking, and Major Corbett states that contributions to that club on account of gates in America have been fixed at one-third, or not more than £10,000. One of the most important items of expenditure is the fitting out of the proposed team with an adequate stud of ponies.

Buying Ponies

A novel arrangement has been made in order to obviate the necessity of paying excessive prices for ponies. If an owner sells a pony for 3,000 rupees to the Committee and the animal eventually fetches more than that sum when sold in the U.S.A., he will receive the whole of the surplus. The owner of a pony sold for 3,500 rupees takes three-quarters of any extra profit. This sliding scale goes on until the owner who sells a pony for 5,000 rupees or over receives nothing if the pony is sold. It is estimated that subscriptions from Army sources in India will amount to 50,000 rupees, and I dare say the balance will be forthcoming from other communities in India. Whether the team has the slightest chance of beating the Americans at Meadow Brook is a point that is being hotly discussed. In England it is thought that their prospects of success are decidedly slender.

Prospects of Success

In India, however, they are not so pessimistic. So much is suggested by the fact that they are steadily progressing with their scheme. I remember that when Lord Wimborne's team went to the States in 1914 everybody said they were engaged on a forlorn hope. But that side brought back the cup. The four selected players are Capt. George and Major Williams, of the Central India Horse, Major Atkinson, 15th Lancers, and Capt. Dening, 11th P.A.V.O. Cavalry. I wonder whether it will be possible for this team to play for the Prince of Wales's new Empire Cup next year? I do not see how they can manage this as well as the American trip, but it is clear that the trophy will be keenly contested by Indian teams.

"I'm here till the drawing of stumps."

I'm Plain Mr. York of York,
Yorks,
I've no need for knives or for
forks,
I don't need to scramble for food
at the Buffet,
I can sit on my tuffet like little
Miss Muffet.

"That's gone for six. What a hit. Go it, Yorks! Lucky I've got such a good seat. And no one will take my pitch because I've got my lunch in my pocket—a big bar of Plain York, the best eating chocolate you can buy, a biscuit and an apple. In fact, instead of having to fight to get near the bar, I carry the bar in my pocket. While batsmen nibble at the bowling I can nibble at my Plain York."

Plain York, Rowntree's new eating chocolate, is not too sweet, not too bitter. It doesn't give you unruly thirst. In fact, it turns a biscuit into a meal, and it is just the thing to take with you to a cricket match or on all outdoor occasions.

ASK AT THE SHOP FOR ROWNTREE'S

PLAIN YORK

CHOCOLATE

and get the newest and latest and most splendid eating chocolate.

Rowntree's Motoring Chocolate

Special Chocolate with almonds and raisins; very nourishing. In half-pound cakes only: Plain, with almonds and raisins (red label), 1/1; Milk, with almonds and raisins (blue label), 1/2.

Plain York: in 6d. cakes, also ½ lb. 1/-, 1 lb. 2/-, and in 3d., 6d. and 1/- "Nap" packets and 2d. bars.

SECRETS of SHOWING

MORALS FROM FIGURES

By "THE KENNELMAN"

NORTH WALES holds its Dog Show to-day (Wednesday) at Llanrwst, and so do Henley, Derby, and Portsmouth. Worcester has its to-morrow, and Chester—quite a biggish Show—on the 25th.

Apropos of Dog-showing, and of the classic event of the year: the Kennel Club's 65th Annual Show at the Crystal Palace next month, for which intending exhibitors are now busily preparing, The Kennelman feels it a duty, as it certainly is a pleasure, to draw attention to a really sensible, practical and extremely useful little new book on the subject, for which the Doggy world has to thank no less an authority than the Chairman of the Kennel Club, Mr. W. L. McCandlish. This is called "Popular Dog Show Maxims," and is the latest addition to the Popular Dogs' Publishing Company's excellent series of hand-books. Its sub-title, "Judges, Judged, and Judging," indicates something of its scope, within the limits of which it is as wise and sound and helpful as such a guide could be, and most apt in its bearing upon several current controversies connected with showing and judging. Experienced exhibitors, no less than beginners, will find it highly interesting and illuminating. Here are a few of the author's dicta, drawn almost at hazard from among scores as pertinent:

"The factor of first importance in all dogs is soundness . . . An unsound dog may possibly have some value for breeding purposes; it ought to have no value in the show ring . . . In the ability to lose sense of all else but the dogs before him is the secret of success as a judge . . . All that is needed is that the dog be shown in the ring in a manner that will enable the judge to see it . . . It is incumbent on the owner to train the dog to stand and move so that it can be seen . . . If an owner takes no trouble in the preparation of a dog for show, he is demanding more from the judge than he has any right to expect . . . A show dog should be first and foremost sensible and self-assured . . . If dog shows made all dogs physically perfect, but also perfect fools, dog shows would be ghastly failures . . . unless it can face human beings and its own kind with confidence and equanimity, it must be regarded as defective in a feature more important than physical perfection." But readers should refer to the book itself. It is full of Dog lore and horse sense.

Commenting on the canine statistics in last week's Notes, a reader who "has shown seventeen full Champions," writes:—

"These stimulating figures suggest a variety of reflections. For instance: if a quarter of a million really worth-while Dogs, pedigree Dogs, have been bred in Britain during the past four years, it is to be feared that fully six or eight times that number of nondescripts have seen the light here during the same period. (Our Dog populace numbers about three million.) Having no market value, a large proportion of all mongrels born become homeless pariahs: a dismal fate for them, and one representing a danger to all other Dogs, not to mention the nuisance they are to the community at large; for, while spreading and carrying canine disease broadcast, they make the streets unpleasant. True friends of Dogs should exert every effort to check the propagation of mongrels. The painless destruction and gradual elimination, especially of female mongrels, is a merciful work of real public benefit. Breeders, do not confine your care and skill to the selection of the best stud Dogs. Breed only from the very finest of brood bitches. Scrupulously guard against mesalliances. Wherever they do occur, make sure none of their offspring survives. The giving away of valueless nondescripts is a form of treachery to Dogdom. Practically all homeless strays are Dogs that have been given away. "Finding homes" for such is often a way of condemning them to martyrdom, and striking a blow at canine welfare and progress. The ever-rising figures of registered pedigree Dogs are splendid—so long as they are accompanied by a corresponding fall in those of mongrels: the recruits of pariahdom.

BYSTANDER BRIDGE

YOUR BRIDGE REPUTATION

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

THERE are all sorts of legitimate ruses at Bridge for deceiving the enemy, which, when they come off, appear very brilliant. When they don't, the foxy one looks rather foolish, because it is a case of the biter bit. Some players revel in what I call a certain spurious brilliancy. They have a meretricious, showy dash. They would rather gain their ends by tortuous means than by straightforward bidding or play. Now, while I admit there is a subtle satisfaction in bringing off a coup, I consider it is a doubtful asset to gain a reputation as a "foxy" player. You may inspire terror in your adversaries because they are always uncertain as to what you are going to do. But equally you create dismay and probably actual dislike in your partners by your devious methods and the fear and distrust of you they feel may counteract any benefit you derive from corresponding sentiments in your adversaries.

. . . . . .

To have a good Bridge reputation is an invaluable asset, and it is worth while taking pains to secure it. It makes all the difference between winning and losing rubbers.

It is astonishing how quickly a club player acquires a reputation which either makes or mars him. He is soon summed up as "unreliable," "erratic," "dangerous," "nervy," "panicky," or "hopeless."

We cannot all be first-class performers, nor even good players. But everybody who takes the trouble can win a reputation as a *reliable* player and partner. And, believe me, this quality is more to be coveted than brilliance.

The dashing, fireworky person, who now and then does wonderful things, is often a sore trial and source of perplexity to his partner.

Be *reliable*. It is not always easy. It involves a good deal of self-restraint, self-denial, and grit. It means standing by and strictly adhering to principles.

By this I do not mean that there can be no elasticity with a reliable player's game. But it rules out all the wild and fantastic calls that so often prolong rubbers and result in heavy penalties.

The true punishment of the bad caller is not merely the points that he loses for himself and his partner, but the damage he does to his own reputation.

There are certain players whose bids it is never safe to support. You know if you raise them once they will never stop bidding. The consequence is that you take refuge in silence and refuse to support their calls—not out of pique, but as the lesser of two evils.

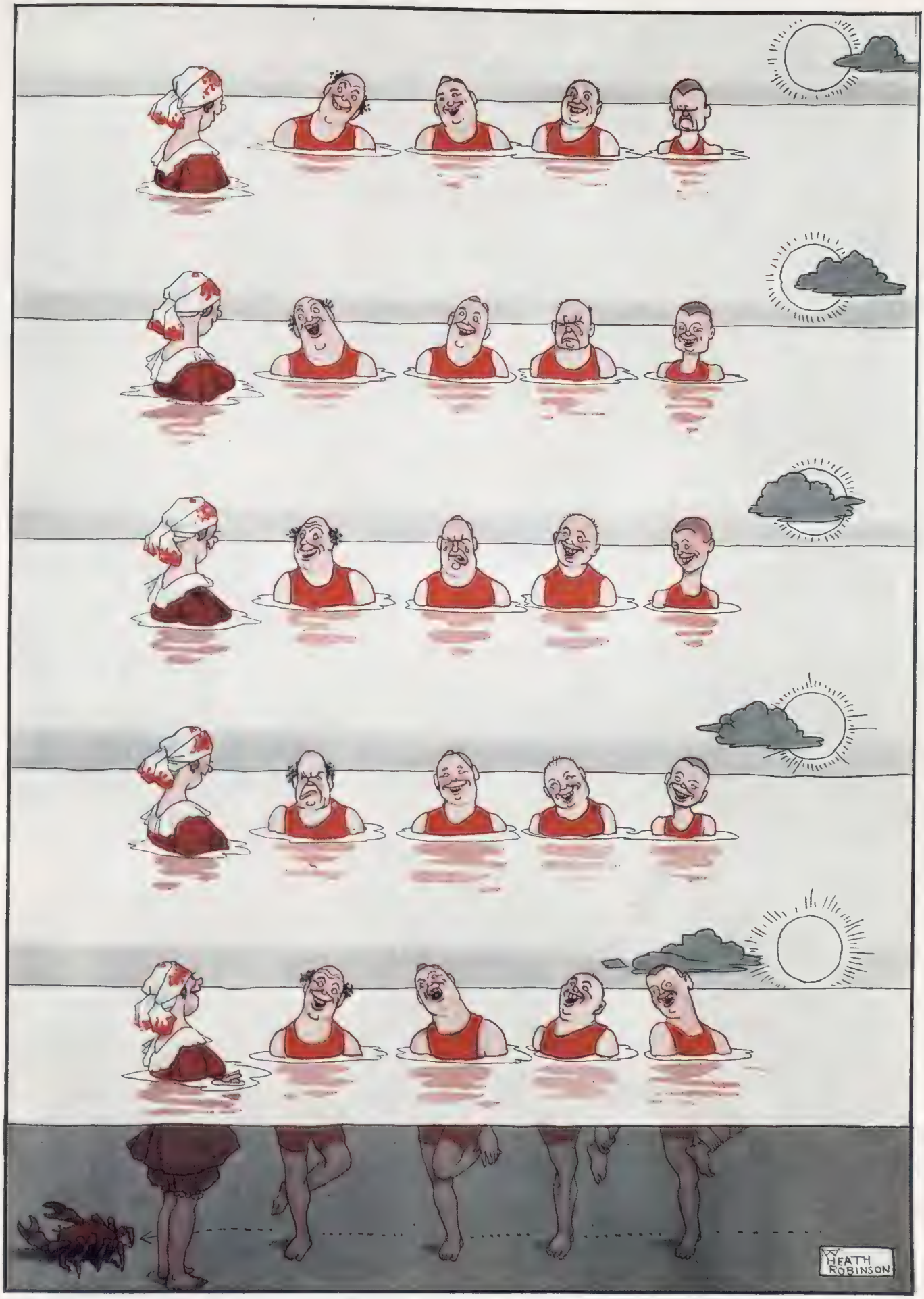
The backward caller who never opens his mouth unless he has a cast-iron hand is nearly as bad. It is necessary to adopt different methods with him. As he says "No bid" equally on a good or bad hand, you never know where you are with him.

The reliable partner is the happy mean between these two types. He calls up, but he does not call recklessly. He will not let you down by a ridiculous bid. He may not have a vast amount of imagination, but he has commonsense and judgment. He does not allow himself to be rattled, and he is a great stand-by in a tight corner.

Everyone makes mistakes at Bridge, but there are certain kinds of mistakes which the reliable player never makes. He may revoke inadvertently, or through thinking a trick ahead, and if you, as his partner allow him to do so you are as much to blame as he is, but he does not forget how many trumps are out or take an unnecessary finesse or play out of the wrong hand.

If you have a good Bridge reputation, cherish it. Don't play tricks with it. We all have inclinations to do foolish things at times at cards.

In fact, I think it is rather pleasant to do foolish things now and then. But I quite realise that to preserve your Bridge reputation you must studiously resist temptation.



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BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

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FEMINA

EXPRESSIONISM AND A VIEW

By "CANDIDA"

WHAT an invention those holidays! Four whole weeks (and then you're considered lucky), four weeks to think in, to wear out your clothes in, to take a dislike to your neighbour whom you set out to tolerate, if not to love. Four weeks in which to look at the sea, or the mountains, to bathe in the one, to climb the others when the weather permits, which it doesn't often. Four weeks to acquire a sunburn dearly paid for, unless you prefer to do the whole thing on one sunny day with a little persistence and lots of lanoline.

I'VE gone to the mountains, chiefly, I think, because it's the fashion to cold-shoulder them in summer, and I saw visions of empty trains and spacious boats with no one between myself and the view. But I'd reckoned without our Lunns and Cooks and people. We're a wonderful nation. There's always some good reason why we couldn't or we shouldn't, be spending money, and, just as inevitably, we're always spending it with, or without, a clear conscience. The boat was chock-a-block; the train was crowded. Obviously not everybody's out of love with the mountains in August.

HERE they are towering over my little Alpine village with their foot mirrored in a blue lake, and their white peaks stretching into the azure of a summer sky . . . at least that's how one writes to the friends at home who refuse to be put off with a picture post-card. Alas! in 1926 there isn't nearly enough azure in the picture; the lakes aren't always blue and the peaks more often than not are wrapt in long, trailing scarves of grey gauze—I mean, in nasty, damp clouds. I must keep to the point. These aren't the days when the same string of words does duty for ever and ever to describe the same situation. Nothing is as it was, except the rain, and the hotel dinner which still winds up, as it always did, with *poulet* and *salade* and ice on Sundays.

SWITZERLAND is obvious, I know, but convenient; easy to get to in spite of crowds, easy to live in with everybody to command—that is, if you can make it worth their while to be commanded. Such comfortable vacuity everywhere! Nothing to suggest effort, except that of getting up early some fine morning and attempting a climb hitherto unattempted. And even that's made easy now that they run incredible trains up to dizzy peaks and make it possible for the likes—not of us, of course, but of some undesirable others—to munch sandwiches and scatter luncheon papers on those eternal snows.

THE question is—is such vacuity good for the soul, or do I mean brain, or is it only excellent for the complexion? It's supposed to give your thinking machine a rest, which, of course, it doesn't. Nor would you like it if it did. The last thing your brain wants to do is to stop thinking. Isn't that the great idea of the new expressionist people who mix up the things we say and the things we think till we can't make head or tail of their productions? Here, under the striped awning of this enchanting terrace, with the usual telescope pointing to the heights (every look to be paid for, of course), and the tables and chairs suggesting afternoon tea, and a band complaining away somewhere at a safe distance, here with a perfect view of pines and purple rocks and great white peaks, do I think of nothing just because there's nothing except beauty to think of? Not a bit of it. It would be right and reasonable to to love it, so I think, for its own sake, to gaze appreciatively at the green velvet slopes climbing up to the darkness of the pines and note the greyish-purple of the rocks and the twists and turns of endless silver streams threading their way down to the valley below. It would be reasonable, but the worst of any scenery is that you take it for granted when you've seen it for a day or two. There's that old platitude about familiarity and contempt, but it's not so much contempt as a stodgy acquiescence, a mild cabbageness, which refuses to be ruffled into speculation, into finding reasons for things. No wonder that the native is too much absorbed in his affairs—by which I mean looking after his francs—to be bothered with looking at his mountains. No wonder, when even I, who came for no other purpose than to see and to admire, find myself thinking of anything and everything except the view.

LADY BOWDEN

Wife of Sir Harold Bowden, Bart., who entertained the ex-King and Queen of Greece at Bestwood Lodge, in Nottinghamshire, last week-end. Their Majesties visited Hucknall Church, where they laid a wreath on the tomb of Lord Byron

Dorothy Wilding

A RECENT BRIDE

Mrs. O. J. Battine, whose marriage to Mr. O. J. Battine, R.E., son of Major and Mrs. Battine, of Normanhurst Court, near Battle, took place on August 14. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Magee, of Grosvenor Street

"WHAT a gorgeous view!" I say to myself, and go on "expressionising." Why not call irrelevancy expressionism? It sounds so much nicer. "What a gorgeous view! I wonder why exactly it's so much more satisfactory than looking at mud banks? It's not only the colour. Green's green, and there's an end of it. I don't even like it as a colour, though it's nice on some people. But we all took to it this summer, even those of us who had superstitions. And why that idiotic superstition anyway? They do say, and I think they're right, that we get just what we expect, and the way to make misfortunes happen is to think they're going to.

"BUT I was thinking of the view and why it's so much nicer than at Stick-in-the-Mud-on-Sea. Perhaps it's the proportions, those great curves dipping down into valleys which aren't just a haphazard jumbling together of opposites, but a blending of one harmony with another harmony. Harmony, my goodness! How badly those fat people over there fit into the picture! They eat too much and drink too much and sit about too much, and all that lack of proportion gets itself externalised. There's nothing like fasting, especially when you don't care about the hotel luncheon. As for that view . . . No, I don't think I'm an expressionist born. But there's nothing newer, and one must begin somehow."

CAMERA NOTES

A TIROLESE LANDSCAPE
A view of Weissensee, in Allgäu

Cheap Cameras or Dear ?

EVERY camera dealer is familiar with the customer who knows that he wants to buy a camera, but hasn't the vaguest idea as to what type he wants nor even how much he intends to pay. At most, perhaps, he may be fairly clear in his own mind that he wants pictures smaller than postcard size—say, $3\frac{1}{2}$ by $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches. It will doubtless surprise and probably perplex him to discover that he can take his choice from cameras costing from as little as half a guinea to as much as £50.

Efficiency v. Scope

HE may not unnaturally jump to the conclusion that the one camera is so much dearer than the other because it takes far better photographs. If, then, he is given specimen prints to examine, taken with the two models, he will in all probability exclaim that there's nothing to choose between them. It is certainly correct that, except to the man who knows just what to look for, prints made by means of the cheapest box-form camera may be indistinguishable from those of the *de luxe* outfit; in fact, they may be quite indistinguishable even to the expert.

Our prospective purchaser will then possibly begin to wonder where the value comes in to warrant the enormous disparity in cost. The difference, he will be told, is not so much a matter of quality in the results at all; but, in the first place, the scope of the instrument. With the cheapest camera he may confidently expect perfectly satisfactory negatives from snapshot exposures, but only if he restricts his photography to open outdoor subjects on sunny, summer days. If he desires to be able to take action photographs on the Rugby field on a dull winter afternoon, or perhaps photographs of the stage scenes during a theatrical performance, then he must be prepared to dig deeply into his pocket.

Costly Craftsmanship

OVER and above this question of the limitations of the apparatus there are, however, special considerations which apply to individual cases. The "Sibyl" cameras of Messrs. Newman and Guardia, for instance, stand out pre-eminent as hand-cameras *de luxe*, for they command prices that are just about double those usually prevailing for models of compa rable scope. Yet it is the considered verdict of scores of the most expert and critical amateurs—men whose names are household words amongst photographers — that the "Sibyl" is the best camera.

Here it is a question of exquisite craftsmanship and unique refinements. For sweetness of manipulation there is literally nothing that will bear comparison with the N. & G. product; to watch the front of a "Sibyl" glide forward or back into the camera merely under its own weight is to realise some of the charm of this dainty instrument and appreciate the quality of its workmanship. Apart from the several structural refinements that commend this camera to the practical worker, the real secret of its success is perhaps this; if there is one camera in the world that a purchaser can rely on obtaining in faultless condition, and one that will still be giving the same irreproachable service at the end of ten years' hard usage, that camera is the "Sibyl."

T. L. J. BENTLEY.

F. H. Barnard

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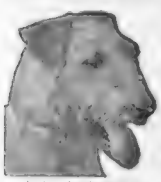

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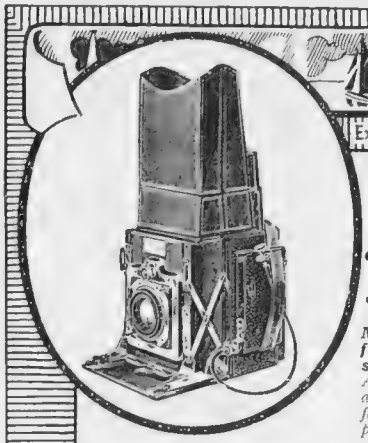

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MOTOR NOTES

THE first Grand Prix ever held in England was a notable success, and resulted in a well deserved win for the Delage, at an average speed of 71 m.p.h. Everybody sympathised with the drivers of these blue cars, as the fierce little eight-cylinder engines generated so much heat in the cockpit that the drivers were actually blistered, and on several occasions had to stop and stand in bowls of water.

***

A RACE such as the Grand Prix is of particular interest in that it foreshadows developments in car construction. While it is true that the actual racers bore little resemblance to touring cars, certain of the features employed for the race will in time be tamed and used for touring. For instance, the eight-cylinder engines of only 11 h.p. could drive these cars at 2 miles a minute. The specially constructed and low hung frames allowed of the most lurid cornering, while the large sized positively operated brakes resulted in the most amazing stopping performances. The general tendency is towards increasing the number of cylinders, and the performance of these racing engines show that there is a great future for the small multi-cylinder engine.

AT FOLKESTONE
Climbing the steep hill above the New Town that leads to the Folkestone War Memorial. The car is one of the latest 15/40 h.p. Humber five-seater touring models

I attended a demonstration of a new type of fire extinguisher the other day, and I was really surprised at the excellent results obtained. The device looks rather like a large pistol. In the case of a blaze it is pointed at the heart of the fire, the trigger is pulled, and practically instantaneously the fire is extinguished. It is known as the "Antifyre," and a special model is manufactured for car use, consisting of the pistol grip and two spare cartridges carried on the running board in a neat metal case.

***

A CAR which I always enjoy driving is the Vauxhall. A recent experience of mine with the 14-40 h.p. model shows that very considerable improvements have been made in the past few months. Good as the running of the car was previously, it has now been refined and improved, with the result that the Vauxhall is now easily one of the leaders in the 14 h.p. class. The prices of this model have recently been reduced. The Princeton five-seater touring car can now be obtained for £495, a reduction of £55, while corresponding reductions have been made in the other models embodying this chassis. The equipment has also been extended by the addition of spring gaiters at the front and the back, and by the provision of a luggage grid and a windscreen wiper.

***

SOME idea of the number of cars on the road during the August Bank Holiday week-end may be gathered from the fact that during the four days the A.A. patrols dealt with 171,760 enquiries from members

(*Continued on page 400*)

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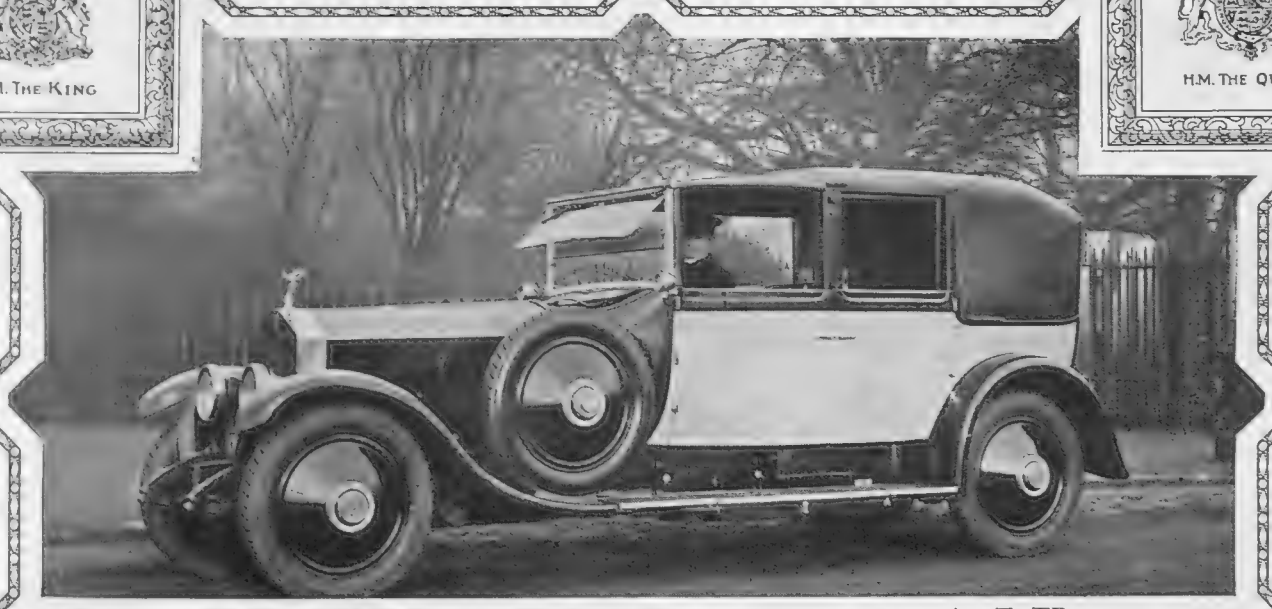

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Kennington Service

for road and general information, 2,170 motorists were assisted in regard to supplies of petrol, oil, etc., while mechanical breakdowns necessitating the assistance of the patrols numbered 4,564. As trouble on the road with the modern car is quite the exception, the figures given above will suggest the enormous number of cars which had a trouble-free run.

***

The new six-cylinder Humber is a most attractive car. It has a rating of 20.9 h.p., and is known as the 20-55 h.p. model. The engine is a six-cylinder with overhead inlet valves, carried in a detachable head, the clutch is of the cone type, while the gear box provides four speeds with right-hand change. The engine is coupled to the gear box by a short shaft having a fabric universal joint at either end, while the propeller shaft has a fabric joint at the gear box end, and a metal die type of universal joint enclosed and running in oil at the axle end. A four wheel braking system is employed, in which the pedal operates a transmission brake in conjunction with those on the front wheels. the hand lever operates brakes on the rear wheels, thus making a quick "pull up" a factor upon which one can count. The price of this car is £725 as a touring model.

The 11.4 h.p. Citroën all-steel saloon sells for £245, a notably low figure. While the first cost of the car is low, it is not generally realised the extremely expensive machinery necessary to produce the body. The actual cost of the presses which form the body panels, etc., runs into tens of thousands of pounds. A manufacturer able to afford such an outlay at once reaps the benefit by being able to turn out high-grade bodies at a very low cost. The all-steel system of construction has many points of advantage, among which are the facts that it is fireproof, unsplinterable, and permanently rigid. A further advantage in the case of the saloon is that the side pillars are very narrow, with the result that the driver has his view obstructed to the very minimum. This, as is readily seen, is a great advantage in traffic.

A FOUR-DOOR SALOON

The handsome and comfortable Willys-Knight sleeve-valve six-cylinder model 70 saloon. The price, complete, is £495

***

One of the most fascinating cars which I have ever driven is the new Willys-Knight model 70. This car has a six-cylinder Knight sleeve-valve engine of a rating of 20.7 h.p., and has an unusually good road performance. Its top gear hill-climbing capabilities are well above the average, as is evidenced by the fact that it climbed the Brooklands Test Hill on top gear from a running start. On the same gear speeds in excess of a mile a minute are easily and quickly attained. The four-wheel braking system is good, and the controls generally are light and positive in their action. A notable feature of the car's running is its extreme silence, while the comfort at any speed is remarkably good. The excellence of this car is all the more remarkable when it is remembered that its price, complete with a four-door saloon of generous size, is only £495.

George C. Stead.

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Miss M. B. Carstairs at the helm of "Newg," the 1½-litre boat in which she won for Great Britain the Duke of York's International Trophy

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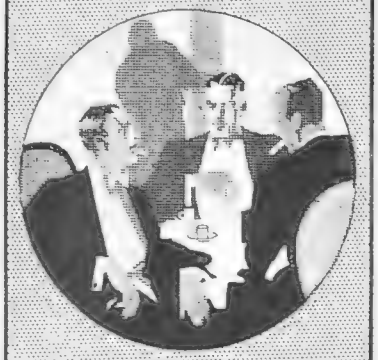

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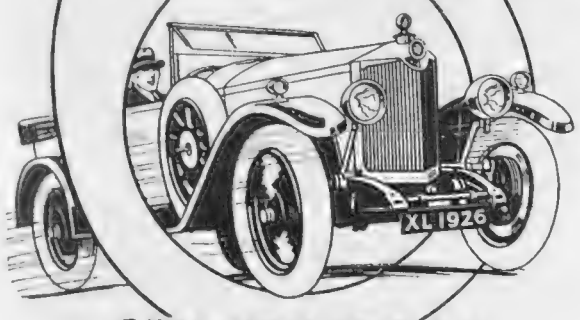

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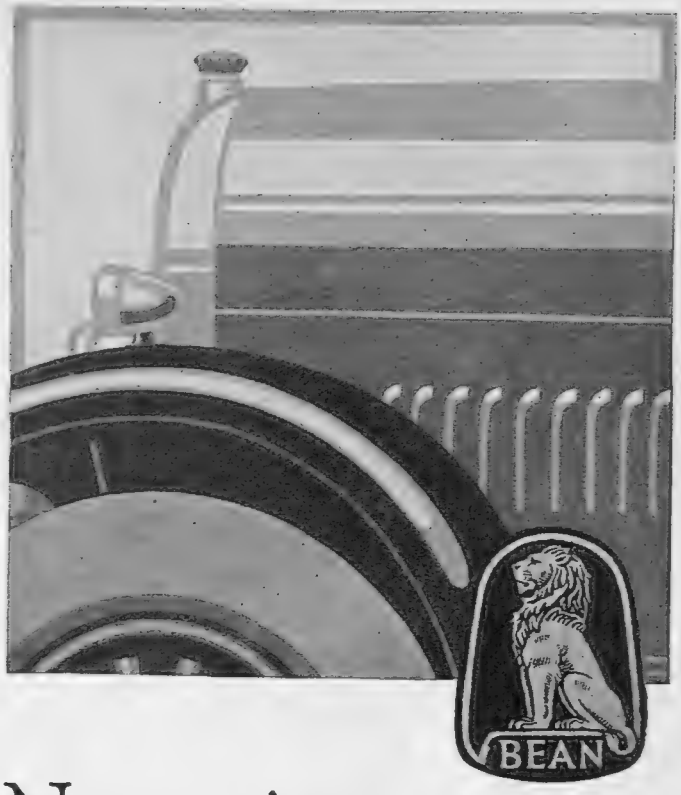

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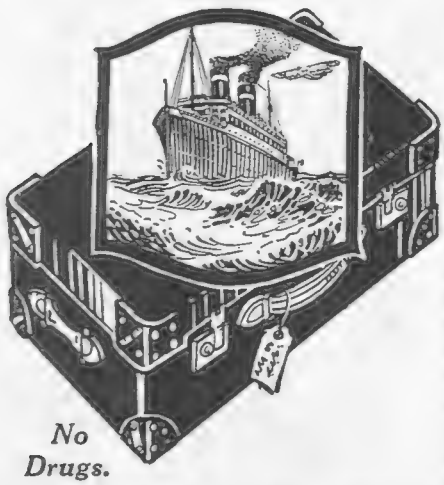

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Beware of imitations!

VEET 1/6

Removes Hair Like Magic

Fashion's Fancies

By MRS. JACK MAY

Milliners Concentrate on High and Amusing Crowns

FIRST in the autumn field as ever are milliners. With great acumen they seize the present pause ere the great rush sets in to draw attention to their efforts, and already many women passing through Town are eagerly seeking information as to their future headgear. "Not nearly so simple," is the general verdict; an impression quickly followed by the reflection that in consequence the models will not be so easily copied in cheaper plagiarisms, a fact that, to the *vraie élégante*, is all to the good—although some are casting doubtful, speculative eyes on the extremely high crowns seen in many of the ultra-smart shapes.

Attractive, and certainly becoming, is a modified edition of the sailor illustrated by our artist. This has the correct stiff Spanish crown allied to a roll-up English sailor brim. This model is composed of broad satin backed velvet ribbon in navy and saffron. The latter underlines the brim, satin side outwards, *appliqué* with strips of the blue velvet radiating like the spokes of a wheel from edge to hub. The sole decorative relief supplied is a miniature seagull of carved ivory; a ribbon scarf to match adds distinction.

THE NEW NOTE IN HATS

The upper model, of satin backed broad velvet ribbon, has a high Spanish crown with an English sailor brim. The velvet casquette combines copper and Indian red as its colour scheme

Original designs by Helen Havers

The Beret

NOW often called Casquette, which is just as well, since it is frequently handled out of all recognition as the beret proper. Though always there is that soft *dégagé* air, since the essence of a beret is a droop at one side. Fashioned entirely of *gros* grain ribbon, usually in two colours, the now inevitable tiny brim exploiting one, this hat, albeit no longer exclusive, is far too enhancing to be lightly discarded, while *gros* grain ribbon holds every promise of being accepted well on through the autumn, sharing favours with velvet.

A glorified casquette of velvet after the character of the example depicted represents an invaluable stand-by possession. The hand work introduced into this, in the guise of close shirring—a very popular treatment—lending at once an air of exclusive costliness. Exceedingly original, too, is the combining of two shades, copper and Indian red, the former creating the soft crown and wee jockey brim; a velvet flower buttonhole emphasising the Indian red. The breaking down of one-colour schemes has opened up an inviting vista to the millinery world. And one can easily vision the *chic* of such a piece of headgear accompanying a black satin, silk, or velvet coat, or an *ensemble* of dark blue, beige, or grey.

A COAT FOR THE COURTS

This original tennis coat is carried out in white kasha with collar and cuffs of shaggy Mongolian fur. Alternatively it might be made of sand-coloured kasha with brown fur

Original design by Betty Nisbet

Our Artist's Idea of a Tennis-wrap Coat

MUCH water has passed under the bridges since the one and only wrap considered correct for donning after a game of tennis was a straight, loose affair of rough white flannel cloth. Now there are not only a variety of materials but many different styles, from which fur is not excluded. One most original idea seen was of linen, any bright colour, that had collar and cuffs of white bunny. These hip-length coats look charming with an all-white tennis frock. Another suggestion is that of our artist—a threequarter length coat of sand-coloured kasha, with collar and cuffs of Mongolian fur dyed to tone. This, with its slight wrap-over front secured by a single large button, is the perfection of simplicity and smartness.

A Notable Summer Obsession

ONE of the most curious facts in connection with soft goods is the sudden revival of some old-time favourite. This season there are two of outstanding character, taffetas and linen. The latter in particular, and despite much rivalry, is in greater demand than ever it was for summer tub frocks.

Manufacturers like Robinson and Cleaver, Regent Street, meet the occasion not only in linens by the yard but in the most attractive little ready-to-wear jumper suits and frocks, the leading designs being embodied in a booklet entitled *Linen Vogue*, which will be sent to any readers of THE BYSTANDER post free on application.

Noted for its beautiful soft finish is this firm's Tyroen quality, exampled in the "Teddington," a simple jumper-suit with adaptable collar and wrap-over skirt priced at 21*s.* 9*d.* The "Kingston," slightly more elaborate, with detachable white collar and fronts for washing, comes out at 30*s.* The colourings in these include such covetable nuances as cherry, nattier, rose, burnt oak, and almond.

In the "Non Krush" quality there is an exceptionally smart suit in the "Marlow." This, arranged on long lines with pleats in front of the skirt, is perfectly tailored throughout, and is selling, as also the "Maidenhead," at 39*s.* 9*d.*

In slip-on frocks, too, several supremely attractive models are shown, some hand-embroidered, others hand-blocked with a design, while all are fashioned on the latest and most up-to-date lines, and range in price from 9*s.* 11*d.* to 49*s.* 6*d.*

The booklet likewise includes pictured examples of that lovely linen lingerie for which Robinson and Cleaver have for so long held an enviable reputation, together with a novelty linen mesh underwear. This is made from Airlin pure linen, which provides perfect ventilation, absorbs moisture, and dries quickly, and is consequently perfection for sports wear and hot climates.

Beauty Treatment for Tired Faces

It is inevitable, when the crush of engagements merge day into night, that the youngest of faces shows signs of wear and tear and requires freshening up, the skin toning, and the relaxed muscles revived: a procedure Madame Helene Rubinstein, 24, Grafton Street, W., undertakes to do by a special single treatment costing only half a guinea.

Indulged in once a week, or even once a fortnight, it is really incredible what this effects, and every face and skin are judged individually; though that has ever been Madame Rubinstein's method, and a great factor in her world-wide success.

One does not willingly put one's hand into the fire to get burnt; yet that is tantamount to what many do with their faces when left exposed to the sun. There is no glory in it. And the devastating issue can be so easily avoided by using Valaze Pasteurised Cream at night. This, the softest, most delicate emollient ever produced, is applied with a soft piece of linen, then gently patted in, allowed to remain for a few minutes, and then tenderly wiped off. It is the ideal soother for sun-scorched skins.

A Newcomer into Fashion

We are so accustomed to hearing of nothing but woollens, silks, or cottons suggested for sports wear and outdoor garments that some of us had settled down to the belief that our choice was limited to these materials. Now along comes something new. It is neither fabric nor textile, but a super-leather called Gazelda, soft as velvet, as easy to drape, and is being made up with charming effect into the smartest seaside and river coats, golfing and tennis jackets, jumpers and costumes, plus fours, and women's hats. We hear that the range in colours and soft pastel shades is delightful. In addition to the smartness of garments made from Gazelda, these give the utmost service, resist rain and wind, yet allow perfect ventilation. Gazelda is being made up by the smartest costumiers and the principal West-end houses as well as by the leading drapers in provincial towns.

CALM WATERS

A quiet stretch of the Shropshire Union Canal, which, although many people are unaware of the fact, is a delightful waterway where one may spend a boating holiday. Pleasure boats are allowed on this canal on payment of very small tolls and charges, full particulars of which may be obtained from the manager at Chester

A Progressive Firm

The enterprising creators of Ciro Pearls are, like Alexander the Great, for ever seeking "new worlds to conquer." Their latest step has been the opening of much more beautiful and extensive showrooms than they have hitherto occupied in Glasgow. These new Ciro salons are situated at 95, Buchanan Street, close to their previous premises.

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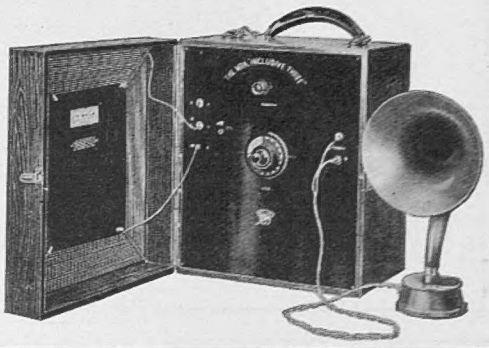

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NEW KNITTED THREE PIECE SUIT

FOR EARLY AUTUMN WEAR

Knitted Three Piece Suit (as sketch). *The Jumper and Cardigan are made in a new fancy all-over pattern of wool and artificial silk in soft contrasting shade; jumper has jabot, cuffs, etc., of crêpe-de-Chine to tone. The skirt is knitted in novelty pleated stitch.*

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COMPLETE

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DAINTY AMERICAN DISHES

VEAL TERRAPIN.
LOBSTER À L'AMERICAINE.
BEEF GOULASCH.
AMERICAN SPATCHCOCK.
MANHATTAN COCKTAIL.

Veal Terrapin

CUT the veal into dice. Fry well together in a stewpan one tablespoonful of butter and the same of flour; add one cupful of cream or milk, and stir until smooth and thick. This will give a smooth sauce of a pale coffee colour. Add the veal and a good seasoning of salt and white pepper, and simmer for ten minutes. Then add three hard-boiled eggs, coarsely chopped, half a teaspoonful of lemon juice, and cook five minutes longer; add two tablespoonfuls of sherry and take from the fire. Serve with a garnish of hard-boiled eggs cut in quarters.

Lobster à L'Americaine

From a freshly boiled lobster remove and cut into dice sufficient meat to measure one and a half cupfuls. In a saucepan put one slightly heaped tablespoonful of butter and one tablespoonful of minced onion, cover and cook at the side of the fire until a golden brown. Stir in one tablespoonful of flour, cook for three minutes, and then add gradually one cupful of thick strained tomato, salt and paprika or cayenne to taste. Add the lobster, and cook for ten minutes very gently. Add two tablespoonfuls of sherry and dish up.

Beef Goulasch

Goulasch is beef stewed with Hungarian paprika. Cut into finger lengths 2 lb. of lean beef; chop one large onion very fine, and cook till brown in a tablespoonful of dripping or olive oil; add one large tablespoonful of flour, and cook this until brown. Stir in one pint of stock, a little salt, and a small teaspoonful of paprika. When the gravy is thick and smooth add the meat, cover closely, and simmer for two hours. Paprika is a red pepper, of a brighter colour than cayenne, and can be purchased in ¼ lb. tins.

American Spatchcock

Split and boil lightly a small chicken. Place the chicken when cold flat open in a fireproof pan, pour the following sauce over. Put it in the oven and baste well with the sauce till the chicken is thoroughly heated through. Serve in the dish in which it was cooked. SAUCE: One teaspoonful each of made mustard, Worcestershire sauce and anchovy essence, one dessertspoonful of brown sugar, one tablespoonful of ketchup, two tablespoonfuls of clear stock or gravy, three tablespoonfuls of milk or cream, and a dust of cayenne. Mix well together, heat and pour over the chicken.

Manhattan Cocktail

Fill tumbler or shaker with chipped ice, put in three or four drops of Angostura bitters, add half a liqueur glassful of vermouth, half a wineglassful of whisky; stir or shake, and place a small piece of lemon on the top.

EMILIA.

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